



OLD TIME
BELLES AND
CAVALIERS

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STORROW





**OLD TIME BELLES
AND CAVALIERS**

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MANORS of VIRGINIA
IN
COLONIAL TIMES

By EDITH TUNIS SALE

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OLD TIME BELLES AND CAVALIERS

By

EDITH TUNIS SALE

AUTHOR OF

"MANORS OF VIRGINIA IN COLONIAL TIMES,"
AND "RED ROSE INN"

WITH SIXTY-ONE ILLUSTRATIONS



PHILADELPHIA & LONDON
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TO MY HUSBAND

WILLIAM WILSON SALE

WHO COMES OF THE RACE OF ONE OF THESE
OLD TIME BELLES, THIS VOLUME IS
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

FOREWORD

THE stories which form the chapters of this work have been collected with the sincere hope that our own and the mother country will find in them much of which to be proud.

The Colonies of America, so famed in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries for their brave men, were equally rich in their beautiful women who exhibited so marvellously well the power of the highest feminine influence during the most historic and trying age the country has known.

The Revolutionary days, so filled with despair and gloom, the early hours of the first Republic, were productive of some of the noblest spirits ever given to the world, and it was the staunch devotion and truth of her lovely women, the stalwart patriotism of her high-born men, that cast the lone glimmer of radiance over the appalling scenes of war.

So the stories of womanly heroism and manly bravery with which the lives of the old time belles and cavaliers are indelibly associated should be familiar to all readers of American

FOREWORD

history, for while the English men and women of that day were lounging at court or taking their ease at Bath, their kinsmen and women over the sea were suffering and enduring the privations of war and discomforts of life in a new country.

And to the firmness with which the social corner-stone of America was then laid, to the ancient customs of court and country imported from foreign shores to be faithfully followed in the newer land, to the great plantations upon which was maintained so rigidly a sort of feudal system against seemingly insurmountable odds, the heads of this proud country must to-day be bowed in homage to its Old Time Belles and Cavaliers.

EDITH TUNIS SALE

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OLD TIME BELLES AND CAVALIERS

POCAHONTAS

MISTRESS JOHN ROLFE



HE name of Pocahontas is inseparably associated with the Colonial history of America, and in the lapse of years which have invested that period with the brilliant coloring of

poesy, it has been borrowed by more than one artist as the ground-work of a picture or a romance.

The little brown maid whose life proved so picturesque, so interesting and withal so pitifully sad, was a real, living person with a wild heart answering to her untutored mind when John Smith first saw her, yet, by the action which irrevocably linked her name with the history of our country for all time, child though she was, she proved how well she understood the power

OLD TIME BELLES AND CAVALIER

of woman when she plead with her Chieftan father to spare "the Pale-Face."

Pocahontas—in Indian language, "Bright stream between two hills," Matoaka "Little Snow-Feather" and Amonate, with its unknown meaning, were the three names given the little savage born, if we may judge by the inscription upon an authentic portrait, in 1595. This child of redskin parents, who came into being in the forest and knew only the language of the trees and flowers, had undoubtedly more to do with the fate of the Western continent than any woman, excepting, perhaps, Isabella, Queen of Spain.

From our very first knowledge of her, she appears constantly as a harbinger of peace between the Indians and the white men, and it is John Smith himself who introduces her to us as his savior. "At the minute of my execution he wrote, "she hazarded the beating out of his owne braines to save mine; and not only that but so prewailed with her owne father that I was safely conducted to Jamestowne," and it was through that "the dearest daughter of Powhatan" found her way into the history of the new nation and began a career which furnishes its most unique romantic and pathetic chapter.



POCAHONTAS
The Ideal Portrait by Sully

POCAHONTAS

From first to last, Pocahontas was the White Man's friend, yet her loyalty was sometimes met with treachery, as when Argall lured her aboard his ship to exchange her for captives held by Powhatan. Even then, the little maid did not falter, for, when the English further refused to surrender her unless the Indians gave up their guns also, she signified her preference of remaining with them and returned to Jamestown to be used again and again for countless favors.

Pocahontas was quick to learn and soon began to understand the way and language of the new race whose religion she accepted and whose lives she tried to imitate. The loss of her from his own village must have been a great trial to the old warrior who so often for her rose above his savage nature and forgot revenge; nor is it probable that his treaty of peace with the white men would have been kept so well but for the memory of the daughter his heart always cherished.

The pitiable page in the romance of Pocahontas comes with her marriage. John Smith, the man who had awakened her savage nature, was big and blond, cheerful and hearty; fatherly and protecting in his attitude towards the woodland princess, and though she may not have called it love, historians agree in doubting if she would

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ever have consented to marry anyone else had she known Smith was alive. But here again, the white men took advantage of her guileless child's nature. John Rolfe was a gentleman in his own country; Pocahontas, a princess in hers, so the match seemed fitting, and though he was the opposite of the ideal of the Indian girl, Governor Dale granted permission for the marriage, since Rolfe had written: "Pocahontas, to whom my heartie and best thoughts are and have a long time been so intangled and enthral-led."

In writing to the Bishop of London, June 18th, 1613, Sir Thomas Dale announced the remarkable marriage in the following words: "Powhatan's daughter I caused to be carefully instructed in the Christian religion, who, after she had made some good progress therein, renounced publickly her countrie's idolatry, openly confessed her Christian faith, and was as she desired, baptized, and is since married to an Englishman gentleman of good understanding (as by his letter to me containing the reasons of his marriage of her, you may perceive) another knot to bind this peace the stronger. Her father and friends gave apprehension to it and her uncle gave her to him in the Church. She lives civilly and lovingly with him, and I trust will increase in

POCAHONTAS

goodness, as the knowledge of God increaseth in her. She will go to England with me; and were it but the gaining of this one soul, I will think my time and toil and present stay well spent."

True to his word, three years later Governor Dale, accompanied by John Rolfe and Pocahontas, set sail for Great Britain, landing at Plymouth on the twelfth day of June, 1616, and the reception accorded this child of a savage nation at the Court of James I reads far more like romance than history. The redskin bride was presented at Court by Lord and Lady Delaware, where she always carried herself as the daughter of a king and was accordingly respected as well as honored by persons of the highest rank. It is Purchas who describes one of her first appearances in an august assemblage.

"I was present," he writes, "when my honorable patron, the Lord Bishop of London, entertained her with festival and state and pomp, beyond what I have seen in his great hospitalitie afforded to other ladies."

What a commentary it is upon the genius—or whatever it might have been—of the woman, that there were just nine years between her existence as a savage and as an honored lady at Court!

Poor little Princess! Treated though she was

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as a queen among queens, the men in whom she had frankly trusted had broken her untrained heart. Young enough to have been John Smith's daughter (and his feeling for her was purely paternal), she nevertheless seems to have given him all the great love of her savage nature made gentle by her contact with the white race. When she met Smith in England, the story goes that she hid her face, crying, "They did tell us always you were dead, and I knew no other 'till I came to Plymouth——Your countrymen will lie much!"

After this meeting, nothing seemed to mean much to Matoaka; her husband, her son, life itself lost all attraction for her and gradually her physical strength was burned away by the unceasing, painful fire in her heart, and she who had lived long enough to link together two continents, two nations and two civilizations, passed to the happy hunting grounds of her forefathers, her death being recorded in the St. Georges Parish Record:

"1616, Mar. 21, Rebecca Wrolfe, wyffe of Thos. Wrolfe, gent. a Virgini lady borne, was buried in ye Chauncel."

Upon the walls of the Virginia State Library, in the beautiful city of Richmond, hangs a splendid copy of the Booten Hall portrait of Pocahon-



POCAHONTAS

The Booten Hall Portrait, Copied from the Original by William L. Sheppard
for the State of Virginia

POCAHONTAS

tas. This copy was made by William L. Shepard in 1891, who states that the original was then in the possession of Rev. Withwall Elwin, one of the Rolfe connections. That it was taken from life seems unquestioned, yet in it the little Virginia Princess does not look as we would rather picture her, for she is gowned in stiff brocade, both red and green, trimmed with gold braid, and altogether appears most uncomfortable in the pale-face costume with its Elizabethan collar and derby hat. The hand is beautiful and much fairer than that of the redskin maid could possibly have been, and aside from the sad expression of the face, a most pitiful touch is given by the awkward manner with which it holds a court fan of ostrich plumes. The nose is broad at the base, the cheek-bones high, the coloring swarthy, all in common with her Indian ancestors; but the artist, whoever he was, must have made a grave error when he colored the heavy locks about her face deep auburn. Altogether, it is not a pleasing portrait, though it must always hold one's interest by reason of the subject.

It will be noted that in the inscription beneath Pocahontas is described as the wife of *Thomas* Rolfe; the same mistake occurs in the death register of Gravesend Parish. In condemning such

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errors, it is but fair to take into consideration the age, the newness of many things, and absence of the wonderful system which prevails in all things to-day.

But we like best to think of the Indian maid as Sully shows her in his ideal portrait where he has given her a distant, rocky background. Her swarthy skin, thick black hair falling over her shoulders, and black eyes with soft grey lights, are all in sympathy with the purplish gown, the red-lined mantle, the amber beads, pearl ear-drops and ornaments.

The one child of Pocahontas, Thomas Rolfe, was brought up in England by an uncle. In a letter written to the London Company in 1617, the following allusion is made to Powhatan and his grandson:

“Powhatan goes about visiting his country, taking his pleasure in good friendship with us: sorry for the death of his daughter, but glad her son is living. So does Opechancanough. They both wish to see the boy, but do not wish him to come to Virginia until he is a man.”

Nor did Thomas Rolfe visit America until 1648, and then it was to link some of the most distinguished families of the new world to his Indian mother by marrying Jane Poythress;



JOHN BOLLING
The grandson of Pocahontas



The Bolling Arms

POCAHONTAS

their daughter Jane Rolfe Poythress, married Colonel Robert Bolling.

In 1804, Burke, the Virginia historian, said of the Bolling descendants of Pocahontas: "This remnant of the Imperial family of Virginia, which long ran in a single person, is now increased and branched out into a very numerous progeny. The virtues of mildness and humanity, so eminently distinguished in Pocahontas, remain in the nature of an inheritance to her posterity. There is scarcely a scion from this stock which has not been in the highest degree amiable and respectable." The English had predicted a race of semi-savages from the union of Pocahontas and John Rolfe, but the portraits of the Bolling family, which hang upon the walls of the Virginia Historical Society in Richmond, give ample testimony of the intelligence and bearing of the splendid race that owe their beginning to the redskin maid.

There are those who look upon the life of Pocahontas as traditionary more than real, and to them one of her biographers may appeal: "It seems fitting that the career of the Lady Pocahontas should have ended as it did. Had she returned to the hum-drum routine of the Virginia plantation, the incidents of her previous life

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risked obliteration in the commonplace of the succeeding years. As it is, the Stuart king is but a name to the majority of Americans; Rare Ben Johnson and the celebrities of that day scarcely more; but the name of the Virginia lady born, who kept life in the infant colony, from which sprang this mighty nation, traverses three centuries, and to-day is a household word with American people."

ROBERT CARTER, OF COROTOMAN

“KING” CARTER



F the distinguished names in America in the middle of the seventeenth century, none took precedence of Carter, which family was founded in Virginia in 1665. That John Carter, the first of the name in this country, was a man of prominence, old records prove, for his name is written in early American annals as a conspicuous member of the House of Burgesses, while a number of other offices came to him by virtue of his popularity among the Colonial landholders. So much for the father, for it remained for the son, Robert of Corotoman, to adorn the name with a brilliance that will never be dimmed.

When the little boy was between five and six years of age, John Carter died, and the ambition the father had for the son is amply proven in the former's will, where he provides for young

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Robert's education. "He is to have a man or youth servant bought for him, that hath been brought up in the Latin school," the musty old parchment reads, "and that he (the servant) shall constantly tend upon him, not only to teach him his books, either in English or Latin, according to his capacity (for my will is that he shall learn both Latin and English, and to write), and also to preserve him from harm and from doing evil." It would seem that tutor would have been a better word than "servant," though in those days the meaning of both words was frequently the same, as there were many unfortunates, both men and women, young and old, who were brought to America as indented servants.

The mother of Robert was Sarah Ludlow Carter, a woman of fortune, and this, with the magnificent 18,500-acre estate of his father, all fell to him, so the young landlord took up the reins of life under the brightest of stars. Born in 1663, he became of age just at a time when the planter was coming into his best, and so aristocratic was he in appearance, so rich in possessions, maintaining such a feudal system with his slaves and retainers upon his estate of "Corotoman," that he seems to have been justly en-



ELIZABETH HILL
THE DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF "KING" CARTER
From the Portrait Which Hangs at Brandon

ROBERT CARTER, OF COROTOMAN

titled to the sobriquet of "King," under which title his fame has come down in history and tradition for the benefit of newer generations. That Robert Carter was the first man of the Virginia Colony, a brief glance into his life will show. Beginning his political career of Speaker of the House of Burgesses, he soon became Treasurer of the Colony, and finally, President of the Council, as well as acting Governor of Virginia. In short, any and every office was at the command of his ambition.

But old "King" Carter possessed a deeper side than politics, for in nature he was sincerely religious, and, as the tomb placed to his memory says: "possessed of ample wealth, blamelessly acquired, he built and endowed at his own expense, this sacred edifice—a signal monument of his piety towards God. He furnished it richly." The "sacred edifice" referred to still stands stolidly in Lancaster County, Virginia, and guards the old graveyard where its patron sleeps; to-day, it is still owned by the "King's" descendants, who cherish it fondly in memory of him who gave it, and the family associations which cling as firmly to it as does the old English ivy to its walls. Robert Carter was also a bit of an autocrat; he believed that a man should be the dis-

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penser of wealth, just as he should be the head of his family, and in his official positions, he was rigorous upon the subject of rank and precedence. Though old Christ Church was built by him in the truest spirit of Christianity, he nevertheless always accorded to himself first place in connection with it, and the story runs, that on Sundays no one was permitted to enter the doors until "King" Carter's arrival, after which the wide-eyed and admiring congregation would follow him inside, where he had reserved for all time the entire north cross of the building for the Carter family.

Perhaps it was only natural that the old grandee should have been both arrogant and dictatorial. Things of vast import, honors, distinctions, fell to his portion with such ease that he must have grown to look upon himself as a very superior being, and while he had hosts of friends, he was not without bitter enemies, some of whom accused him of extortion in the execution of his duties as representative of the king. Shortly after the massive tombstone with its lengthy Latin epitaph had been placed over the mound beneath which he rested, some wag, who had his own great or small grievance against the "King," scrawled beneath the inscription:

ROBERT CARTER, OF COROTOMAN

“ Here lies Robin, but not Robin Hood,
Here lies Robin that never was good,
Here lies Robin that God has forsaken,
Here lies Robin the Devil has taken.”

When one considers the number of marriages contracted by the early Carters, there is small reason for wonder that the name is so broadly spread throughout this country. The father of “ King ” Carter married only five times—surely, an unrivalled record. Robert, himself, had two wives, Judith Armistead and Betty Landon, while his son, Landon, was thrice wedded.

When Robert Carter died, in 1772, he left a princely fortune consisting of 10,000 pounds sterling, 1000 slaves, and more than 300,000 acres of land to be divided among his children, twelve of whom had been given him. Nor was this land a barren wilderness, as some misguided persons seem to think, for upon the broad acres were three noble country seats: Corotoman, Nominy Hall, and Sabine Hall; but of the three mansions, the latter alone remains. More than once did this Colonial grandee visit England, and it was upon some of these occasions that two superb portraits of him were painted. That which shows him as a man in the prime of life hangs in the corridor of “ Sabine Hall,” still

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owned by his direct descendants. It is attributed to Sir Joshua Reynolds, but no matter whom the artist may have been, it is a most pleasing piece of work. In this portrait, the "King" is pictured as a man of thirty-five or thereabouts and wears a picturesque riding costume with lace cravat and sleeve ruffles indicative of that particular period. The other canvas is supposed to have been done by Sir Godfrey Kneller, and shows the aristocratic old Virginian with traces of years upon him; the face is rather young, being entirely without lines, but the droop of the shoulder and portliness of the figure betray the age. He wears in this a reddish velvet costume which has been washed with grey by the succeeding years; neither coat nor waistcoat is ornamented beyond a very modest bit of gilt braid, the color of which has sunk into the canvas. A soft mull shirt, the sleeves of which end in a frill at the wrist, is relieved at the neck by a low collar. A heavy wig parted severely in the middle clings close to his face, the most prominent feature of which is the chin set with a steadfast determination. This portrait is at "Shirley," one of the oldest Carter homesteads, which lies along the James River, in Virginia.

There is another reputed likeness of Robert



"KING" CARTER
From the Portrait by Mr. Carter of Georgia

ROBERT CARTER, OF COROTOMAN

Carter, and while it was executed by a modern artist and has not yet been softened by the coat of time, it is both beautiful and well done. This last hangs upon the walls of the Governor's Mansion in Richmond, and is known as "King Carter as a Young Man"; it portrays a high-bred, graceful figure clothed in rich maroon velvet, leaning carelessly against a mahogany table, the left hand resting easily upon the hilt of a sword. The face is strikingly handsome with its luminous eyes, patrician nose and firm mouth, the scornful curve of which could well melt into one of pity and sympathy. In this painting, "King" Carter appears more as a debonair cavalier than in the other two, and while it is not considered positively authentic, the story that goes with it points towards its being a likeness of the princely landowner.

Mr. Carter, of Georgia, the artist from whose brush it came, claims descent from the famous Colonist, and states that the portrait was taken from a miniature or photograph of an old portrait which came down in his family.

"King" Carter belonged to the most picturesque generation America has known. An almost feudal system was maintained on his vast estates; he knew no superior in point of intel-

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lect or distinction; he was blessed by the gods in smaller as well as greater ways, and when he closed his eyes upon the brilliant world he had always known, he left, for the country he had helped to make, a name that is rich in history and tradition.

WILLIAM BYRD



IN the twenty-eighth day of March, in 1674, at a time when life in the new country was precarious from many points of view, a man was born in the colony of Virginia who was destined to write his name in the history of that early and wonderful period. Called William Byrd II, and the son of the William Byrd who came to Virginia the very year he was born, the name of the father has always been dimmed in contrast to that of his famous son.

Of an aristocratic connection in England, young Byrd was sent to London to be educated, and while there formed the friendship of such men as the Duke of Argyle, all of whom proved their affection by presenting him with their portraits; to-day these portraits hang in the ancestral halls of the Harrisons, at "Brandon," on James River, owned by descendants of William

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Byrd, and form the largest collection of family portraits in any private gallery in the country.

The life pursued by the debonair Virginian in London was very gay in accordance with the times. George II was king of Great Britain, and ruled a pleasure-loving Court, at which place young Byrd seems to have been a welcome guest. However, when his father died, in 1704, he returned to America and took possession of the plantation of "Westover," on the James, where he laid the foundation of one of the greatest fortunes in the colony. From the first William Byrd he inherited 26,231 acres of land with ample means to maintain it, and when, in 1706, he married Lucy Parke, the daughter of Colonel Daniel Parke, arrogant Governor of the Leeward Isles, a goodly sum was added to his possessions. Riches seemed to come unsought to this young cavalier who was so fitted to adorn and enjoy them, and his first sorrow came in the death of his wife, which occurred in London in 1716, leaving to him the care of two little girls.

From that time until 1726 he remained abroad; his daughter, Evelyn, was the reigning belle at the Court of St. James; his intimates were those of the highest nobility; his fortune was sufficient to gratify his every whim, and

WILLIAM BYRD

once more life seemed all joy and sunshine to him. To crown all this, in 1724 he married Maria Taylor, an English heiress, and in 1726 came back to Virginia where he seems to have spent the remainder of his days.

The handsome Virginian was past master of the art of love affairs, some of which he boldly wrote of and others at which vague hints were whispered. If he was attractive to all sorts and conditions of men, he was amazingly so to women, for his almond eyes were as admiring as they were scornful, and his chin was cleft with the dimple said to be fatal to the peace of mind of woman.

The second William Byrd of "Westover" was, unquestionably, the most conspicuous figure of Colonial days. Not only was he Receiver-General of His Majesty's revenues, but was three times appointed public agent to the Court of Great Britain, finally being made President of the Virginia Council. Politically, he stood supreme; socially, he was the arbiter; and intellectually, he was gifted far beyond the majority of his generation. No scholar could write better English than William Byrd, as is proved in his journal known as "The Westover Manuscripts," the original of which is treasured at

OLD TIME BELLES AND CAVALIERS

old "Brandon." No wit could turn a more apt speech; no beau could make a prettier compliment, nor could any fop boast more elegant costumes than this first gentleman of Virginia who wrote his name so firmly that it will always be read in the annals of America, and maintained such boundless, cheerful hospitality upon his broad acres as to be always called "The Genial Seigneur."

He was an ardent agriculturist as well as a keen sportsman. He was as good a patriot as he was courtly cavalier, and with infinite tact knew full well when the time was ripe for lace sleeve ruffles and gold snuff boxes or when to put these trifles of the beau monde away. With his vivid brain, his ample purse and gifted pen, Colonel Byrd stood ever ready to serve the province and its king.

The splendid residence of William Byrd is thus described by an early historian: "Westover, long the seat of the distinguished family of Byrds, is on the James River. It was originally the residence of Col. William Byrd, where he long lived. In his time, it was a beautifully decorated and princely mansion, which even at this late day exhibits admirable remains of his taste, and his magnificent scale of expenditure



THE FATHER OF COLONEL WILLIAM BYRD
As a Child



COLONEL WILLIAM BYRD
From the Portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller

WILLIAM BYRD

for its gratification. Col. Byrd was the author of 'The History of the Dividing Line,' and one of the most accomplished men in Virginia at his day. He was a worthy inheritor of the opinions and feelings of its old cavaliers. He was for 37 years a member, and at last became President of the Council of the colony. He died in 1744, at the age of 70 years. His grave is covered by a white marble monument which yet stands at Westover. The Marquis de Chastellux, who was here in 1782, gives in his travels a glowing description of Westover, which he says surpassed all the seats in the country round about." The time-stained marble which marks his resting place tells in mossy letters that he was born to one of the amplest fortunes in the country and sent to England to be educated under the care of Sir Robert Southwell, who ever favored him with his "particular instructions." It tells us, too, that "he made a happy proficiency in polite and various learning," and that through the same noble friend he became acquainted with the first persons of the age, "for knowledge, wit, virtue, birth, or high station, and particularly contracted a most intimate and bosom friendship with the learned and illustrious Charles Boyle, Earl of Orrery." On

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another side, we read that he was called to the Bar in the Middle Temple, visited the Court of France, and was made a member of the Royal Society. "Thus," runs the epitaph, "eminently fitted for the service and ornament of his country, he was made Receiver-General of his Majesty's revenues here, was thrice appointed publick agent to the Court and Ministry of England, and being thirty-seven years a member, at last became President of the Council of the Colony. To all this were added a great elegance and taste of life, the well bred gentleman and polite companion, the splendid economist and prudent father of a family, withal the constant enemy of all exorbitant power, and hearty friend to the liberties of his Country."

A little kingdom was left behind as the result of his accumulations, for his estate included about 180,000 acres crowned with the richest mansion in America and tilled by hundreds of black slaves.

Much has been written of William Byrd, one historian saying: "He was one of the brightest stars in the social sky of Virginia. All desirable traits seemed to combine in him: personal beauty, elegant manners, literary culture and the greatest gayety of disposition. Never was there



WESTOVER, DURING THE CIVIL WAR

WILLIAM BYRD

a livelier companion, and his wit and humor seemed to flow in an unfailing stream. It is a species of jovial grand seigneur and easy master of all the graces we see in the person of this author planter on the banks of the James River."

What a picture this cavalier planter must have presented in his velvet clothes and curling wig as he gayly penned the pages of the interesting manuscript that is so time-worn and yellow now. Surely, as an old writer chronicles: "His path through life was a path of roses. He had wealth, culture, the best private library in America, social consideration, and hosts of friends."

In this library there were three thousand, six hundred and twenty-five volumes, and glancing at its catalogue, one can but appreciate the effort it must have been to gather such a splendid collection of books in that early age of the new country.

Again, we read: "He left behind him not only the reputation of a good citizen, but that of the great Virginia wit and author of the century." In "The Westover Manuscripts," the most noted of which are "The History of the Dividing Line," "A Progress to the Mines" and "A Journey to the Land of Eden," one encounters

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many amusing paragraphs as well as much interesting history. When William Byrd was travelling with the first bold surveyors of the great Dismal Swamp of Virginia, his attention was attracted by the manners and customs of the struggling families who had found their way into that wild and desolate region. Writing of their religions, he says: "For want of men in Holy Orders, both the Members of the Council and Justices of the Peace are empower'd by the laws of that Country to marry all those who will not take One another's Word: but for the ceremony of Christening their children, they trust that to chance. If a Parson come in their way, they will crave a Cast of his office, as they call it, else they are content their Offspring should remain arrant Pagans as themselves. They count it among their greatest advantages that they are not Priest-ridden, not remembering that the Clergy is rarely guilty of Bestriding such as have the misfortune to be poor. One thing may be said of the Inhabitants of that Province, that they are not troubled with any Religious Fumes, and have the least Superstition of any people living. They do not know Sunday from any other day, any more than Robinson Crusoe did, which would give them a great advantage were

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they given to be industrious. But they keep so many Sabbaths every week, that their disregard of the Seventh Day has no manner of cruelty in it, either to Servants or Cattle." The sense of humor of the writer is very apparent in these lines, which also prove him to have been a keen observer of human nature.

Describing some of the early residents of North Carolina, in the "Dividing Line," he paints for us a very vivid picture of their indolence. "They make their Wives rise out of their Beds early in the morning," he says, "at the same time that they lye and Snore, till the Sun has run one third of his course, and dispersed all the unwholesome Damps. Then, after Stretching and Yawning for half an Hour, they light their Pipes, and, under the Protection of a cloud of Smoak, venture out into the open Air; tho', if it happens to be never so little cold, they quickly return Shivering into the Chimney corner. When the Weather is mild, they stand leaning with both their arms upon the corn-field fence, and gravely consider whether they had best go and take a Small Heat at the Hough; but generally find reasons to put it off till another time." Further on, this dandy of King George's Court announces that these same countrymen of his

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sweeten their coffee with a cheap molasses which they call "Long Sugar," while they entertain their friends with a hideous beverage known as Bombo Punch, a compound of "Kill-Devil" rum, water, and long sweetening.

Page after page is easily read in this entertaining manuscript, for William Byrd possessed not only the education to fit an author but the talent for telling things, no matter how dry, humorously. "We talkt over a Legend of old Storys," he writes in describing a night spent at the house of Governor Spotswood, "supp'd about 9, and then prattl'd with the Ladys, til 'twas time for a Travellour to retire. . . . We all kept Snug in our several apartments till Nine. Having employ'd about 2 hours in Retirement, I Sally'd out at the first Summons to Breakfast, where our conversation with the Ladys, like Whip Sillabub, was very pretty, but had nothing in it."

The explorations of this courtier of King George resulted in opening up an extensive and unknown country to emigration, which was eagerly seized by the Swiss and Germans to the everlasting benefit of America.

Blessed with political prominence, untold riches; with the highest social prestige and the

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most beautiful daughter of the colony, Colonel William Byrd must have found it hard to leave his fair estate. In 1744, when he was seventy years of age, he went to sleep forever beneath the old monument which dominates the quaint Westover garden, and which, in a marvellously long epitaph, gives to the world a list of his virtues and of his friends.

The portrait which lives to tell this generation what this genial seigneur was in person, is said to have been painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller, and hangs next that of his daughter Evelyn in the rare old mansion at Brandon. It portrays one of the haughtiest types of the Colonial Cavalier; a flowing peruke of Queen Anne's day falls over his shoulder, outlining in a wavy fashion the scornful face which is singularly handsome. The whole bearing is that of an autocrat, a man of fashion and of the gay world, a man to whom disappointment and trouble would seem to be unknown; to whom the pleasant came easily and who held himself second to none.

The one great bit of condemnation to be held against Colonel William Byrd is his tyrannical treatment of his favorite child, Evelyn. That he loved her, there is no more doubt than that he was intensely proud of her, and yet, for some

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miserable reason, some personal pique, he withheld from her the one great happiness she so piteously craved, forcing upon her a broken heart and an early grave. We cannot understand the Genial Seigneur, and must always wonder the eternal—why? The very brilliancy of his life is lost sight of in this contemplation, and as we put from our minds the thought of this famous man of Colonial times, it is with a deep feeling of pity for the daughter he sacrificed.

MARY BALL

MADAME AUGUSTINE WASHINGTON



TODAY the visitor to old Fredericksburg, Virginia, loiters in front of a monument placed on the outskirts of the town, a marble shaft which rises towards the heavens to

awaken revery and wonder of her who blessed her country as no other woman ever can, and who sleeps for eternity beneath the stone inscribed in appreciative simplicity:

“ Mary, the Mother of Washington.”

What a powerful meaning lies between those few words! What a glorious distinction, for, to have been the mother of George Washington was the highest honor that could come to any American woman. Yet, it is a curious and withal a piteous fact that too few of these later generations know very much of Mary Ball, splendid though she was.

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Less than one century after the settlement of this new country, in 1706, Mary, the youngest daughter of Colonel William Ball, was born, and nothing could have been farther from the thoughts of the fond parents of the little girl than that, under her care, was to be moulded the character of one whose name is irrevocably associated with that of the Republic he helped so materially to create. Colonel William Ball, the first of the line in America, came from England about 1650 and settled in Lancaster County, Virginia. According to Bishop Meade, he came of a fine old English family who bore as arms: "a lion rampant with a globe in his paws; a helmet and shield, and vizor; a coat of mail, and other things betokening strength and courage; and for a motto, words from a line of Ovid: 'Coelumque Tueri.'"

The plantation home along the shores of the Rappahannock River expressed all the world to the Colonial maid who knew so little of things beyond. At the time she lived, there was in America a scarcity of much that is now essential, including education, so what book learning little Mary had came to her in shreds and patches; the same tale could have been told of all the young girls of that particular period, for



MARY BALL
MADAME AUGUSTINE WASHINGTON
From the Portrait by Thomas Hudson

MARY BALL

Berkeley was then Governor of Virginia, and he it was who thanked God that the Colony was not only free of schools and printing presses, but hoped it would always remain in that pitiable condition. Considering the circumstances, one marvels not at a misspelled word here and there or a faulty bit of grammar, as it is opportunity that must always govern education.

But while her splendid mind was being but poorly fed, Mary Ball was developing into a maiden of such loveliness that she became known throughout the Colony as the beautiful "Rose of Epping Forest," and belle of the Northern Neck.

In the year 1722, a young girl at whose home she had been a guest, wrote of her to another friend:

"DEAR SUKEY:

"Madame Ball, of Lancaster, and Her Sweet Molly have gone Home. Mamma thinks Molly the Comliest Maiden She Knows. She is about 16 yrs. old, is taller than Me, is very sensible, Modest & Loving. Her Hair is like unto Flax, Her Eyes are the color of Yours, and her Chekes are like May blossoms. I wish you could see Her."

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Eight years after the above quaint letter was written, in 1730, on the sixth day of March, Mary Ball became the second wife of Augustine Washington. It is generally believed that for some time previous to her marriage she had been living in England with her brother Joseph, and though there is no positive assurance, it is more than likely that the wedding took place abroad, bringing the fair "Rose of Epping Forest" back to Virginia as a bride. In any event, her first home as Madame Washington was upon her husband's estate along the Potomac River, and here, two years later, in the winter of 1732, George Washington was born.

Unquestionably, the superior characteristics of the mother played a great part in the molding of the son, and had Washington possessed a different sort of parent, his name might never have been so bravely written upon the pages of American history. Mary Ball's life was one of such quiet domesticity, such conservative retirement, that she is known principally in Colonial annals as the mother of Washington. Wise beyond her generation, generous and unselfish by nature, her maternal care of one of the grandest characters the world has produced proved her worthy of all honors and distinctions. Of

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Madame Washington's relations to her son, it has been written: "In her Spartan school she taught him to become good—that he became great was a consequence, not the cause." Washington himself said: "All that I am I owe to my mother." The ancients claimed that it was the mother who gave tone to the character of the child, and in this instance that may well be believed. Instead of possessing mere worldly ambitions, Mary Ball Washington moulded her life and that of her son along the lines of simple discipline, moderation and propriety, and though she was in no sense averse to the boy's having a certain amount of play time, she insisted that whatever duties he had should be first performed, requiring above all, absolute obedience towards herself.

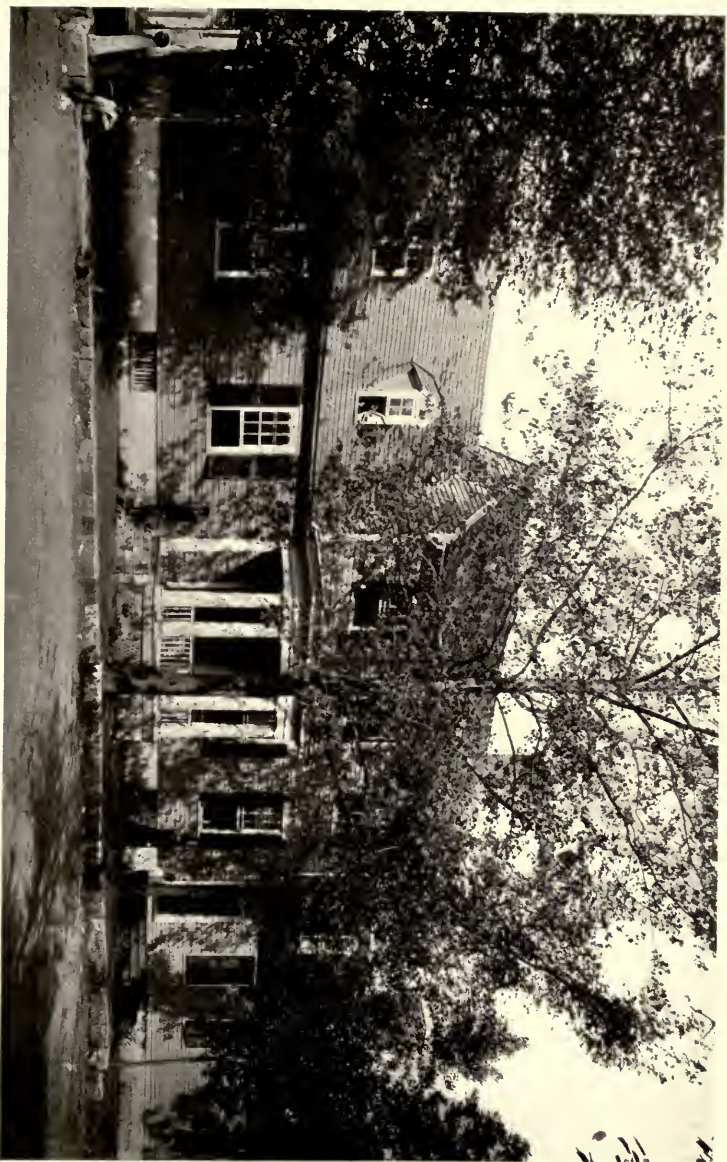
Lawrence Washington gives us a glimpse of the home life of this remarkable woman: "I was often there with George, his playmate, school-mate, and young man's companion. Of the mother I was ten times more afraid than I ever was of my own parents. She awed me in the midst of her kindness, for she was, indeed, truly kind. I have often been present with her sons, proper, tall fellows, too, and we were all as mute as mice; and even now, when time has whitened my locks, and I am the grand-parent of a second

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generation, I could not behold that remarkable woman without feelings it is impossible to describe. Whoever has seen that awe-inspiring air and manner so characteristic in the Father of his Country, will remember the matron as she appeared when the presiding genius of her well-ordered household, commanding and being obeyed."

As wonderful as it was in those times of trial and hardship, of Indian warfare and isolation, Mary Washington never once stood between her son and what he conceived to be his duty. Time and again she must have felt the keenest anxiety, for beneath her cold and dignified exterior, her heart beat with deep affection for her children, particularly this son. But when they felt the call of the world, she never tried to keep them at home, and her parting words to George when, as a youth of sixteen, he left the plantation to try his fortune abroad, were typical of the woman: "Remember, George, God only is our sure trust; to Him I commend you."

When the Revolutionary War cloud loomed black upon the Colonial horizon, Mary Washington was induced to move to Fredericksburg; and here again her true character displayed itself. Though her daughter, Betty, Mrs. Fielding



THE OLD HOUSE IN FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA, WHERE MARY BALL WASHINGTON SPENT THE LAST DAYS OF HER LIFE

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Lewis, lived in the handsomest mansion in that town and besought her mother to go to her, the latter declined firmly, saying that while she appreciated the dutiful offer, she felt competent to care for herself, so chose a quiet little cottage where, till the end, she lived alone.

Not content with the mere management of her household, Madame Washington personally supervised her farm near Fredericksburg, and with the exception of Sunday, rarely a day passed that she did not visit this plantation, out to which she drove herself in a modest, two-wheeled chaise from which she viewed the work as it progressed and issued her commands to the overseer. Nothing escaped her from the smallest details, and when any of her employees dared change an order of hers, he was at once severely rebuked with the words: "I command you, there is nothing left but for you to obey."

It may be interesting to her sister women to note that this unusual woman in whom were so well blended religious trust, will-power, and physical ability, acknowledged an unconquerable fear of thunder storms, and when one arose, would hide her eyes from the sight of the lightning. This intense fear was born in her through the tragic death of a girl friend who was instantly

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killed by a stroke of lightning as she sat by her side at the dinner table.

Mary Ball had reached the ripe age of seventy-five when Lord Cornwallis surrendered to the Continentals at Yorktown, and the first thought of the victorious general was to notify his mother in person of the great event which was to lend to his name for always first place in the book of American history. One of the best of Washington's many biographers thus describes the meeting between mother and son: "Alone and on foot the General-in-Chief of the combined armies of France and America, the deliverer of his country, the hero of the age, repaired to pay his humble tribute of duty to her whom he venerated as the author of his being, the founder of his fortunes and his fame, for full well he knew that the matron was made of sterner stuff than to be moved by all the pride that glory ever gave, and all the pomp and circumstance of power. She was alone, her aged hands employed in the works of domestic industry, when the good news was announced and it was told that the victor was awaiting at the threshold. She bade him welcome by a warm embrace and by the well remembered and endearing name of George—the familiar name of his childhood. She inquired

as to his health, for she marked the lines which mighty cares and many toils had made in his manly countenance, and she spoke much of old times and old friends, but of his glory, not one word." Can we wonder at Washington's success, with such a mother?

Again we read of this woman among women, and this time she is at the brilliant ball given in Fredericksburg to the conqueror of the British. Entering the gay assemblage upon the arm of her distinguished son, she brought expressions of amazement to the lips of the foreign officers when they saw her quiet garb and simple, unaffected manner. She accepted the unstinted compliments to herself and to her son without the least elevation, and left the scene of gayety at a very early hour, remarking smilingly that it was high time for "old folks to be in bed."

"Ah," declared one of the Frenchmen, "if such are the matrons of America, well may she boast of illustrious sons." This was a new spectacle to European eyes, the matter-of-fact way with which Mary Washington received the glory which was destined to blaze upon her son until the end of time.

When Lafayette was visiting America, in

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1784, he was anxious to again see the mother of his chief, and repaired to Fredericksburg solely for that purpose. He found her in the garden, dressed in a simple home-spun gown and wearing a broad-brimmed straw hat; but, true to her character, she was not in the least perturbed when she realized who her distinguished visitor was. Instead of apologizing, she met him with a frank smile and words of genuine welcome: "Ah, Marquis, you see an old woman; but come in, I can make you welcome to my poor dwelling without the parade of changing my dress." After Lafayette had finished a eulogy upon the great virtues of General Washington, her response was simply: "I am not surprised at what George has done, for he was always a good boy."

Happily, Mary Ball lived to see this "good boy" honored with the Presidency, and when that office had been accepted by General Washington, he immediately went to Fredericksburg to apprise her of the distinction accorded him, and to bid her farewell before leaving for New York. Madame Washington was then eighty-two and in very poor health, and the way she was rapidly breaking sadly affected him, though he strove not to show it. "The people, madam,"

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he said, "have been pleased, with the most flattering unanimity, to elect me to the chief magistracy of these United States, but before I can assume the functions of my office, I have come to bid you an affectionate farewell. So soon as the weight of public business, which must necessarily attend the outset of a new government, can be disposed of, I shall hasten to Virginia, and——" Here Mary Washington interrupted him with the words: "And you will see me no more; my great age, and the disease which is fast approaching my vitals, warn me that I shall not be long in this world; I trust in God that I may be somewhat prepared for a better. But go, George, fulfil the high destinies which Heaven appears to have intended you for; go, my son, and may that Heaven's and a mother's blessing be with you always." Her words proved true, and three years later, at the ripe age of eighty-five, Mary Ball Washington was carried to her eternal resting place.

There is a supposed portrait of Mary Ball in existence, and though at times there is a link lost in the story told of it, historians who carefully studied the matter, agree in pronouncing it the likeness of "The Rose of Epping Forest"

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from the brush of Thomas Hudson. This portrait shows her at the age of twenty-three or four, and is a three-quarter length figure seated; the costume is one of those Sir Godfrey Kneller loved to paint, with its low-cut neck and loosely hung sleeves. In color, it may once have been old gold, which was in happy contrast to the grey-blue eyes and tightly-curled auburn hair which falls over her sloping shoulders. The comely face, in its general expression, at once suggests that of her renowned son.

Notwithstanding her many years, she took with her to the grave great strength of endurance, simple dignity of manner and a cheerful spirit. Frequently she talked of Washington as a good son, reciting the merits of his dutiful early life, but of the deliverer of his country and the first executive of a great republic, she never spoke a word.

They buried her in the secluded spot half hidden by trees and rocks where she had daily gone for prayer and meditation. The ground belonged to her son-in-law, Colonel Fielding Lewis, and the place was the one she herself had chosen for the silent sleep of death. For nearly half a century the simple grave remained unmarked by slab or stone, but in 1833, Mr. Silas E.

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Burrows, of New York, undertook to raise a fitting monument at his personal expense. Appropriate ceremonies attended the laying of the corner-stone, President Andrew Jackson placing it in the presence of a great crowd of people and military escort, saying as the stone fell: "Fellow-citizens, at your request, and in your name, I now deposit this plate in the spot destined for it; and when the American pilgrim shall, in after ages, come up to this high and holy place, and lay his hand upon this sacred column, may he recall the virtues of her who sleeps beneath, and depart with his affections purified, and his pity strengthened, while he invokes blessings upon the memory of the mother of Washington."

Sadly enough, though the obelisk had been carried to the grave and the base set up, the tomb remained unfinished for still another space of years, and it was not until 1889, when all America was united in celebrating the centennial of Washington's inauguration, that money was raised to erect a new monument. The original had been badly riddled by bullets during the Civil War and hacked and scarred by vandal relic seekers of later date. On March 2, 1889, a fearful advertisement regarding a proposed sale of the grave of Mary Washington

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stung the nation to fury and set in motion among the women of the country the patriotic movement which happily resulted in the erection of a spotless obelisk, which was dedicated May 10, 1894. "The State and the Federal governments contemplated, discussed and postponed it," said Senator Daniel, "our noble women undertook it and it was done." And in his address that day, the "Lame Lion of Virginia" eulogized the mother of Washington as few others could have done. "Eternal dignity and heavenly grace dwell upon the brow of this blessed mother; nor burnished gold nor sculptured stone nor rhythmic praise could add one jot or tittle to her chaste glory. She was simply a private citizen. No sovereign's crown rested on her brow. She did not lead an army, like Joan of Arc, nor slay a tyrant, like Charlotte Corday. She was not versed in letters nor in arts. She was not an angel of mercy, like Florence Nightingale, nor the consort of a hero like the mother of Napoleon. But from the light that streamed from the deeds of him she bore, we would doubtless have never heard the name of Mary Washington, and the grass upon this grave had not been disturbed by curious footsteps or reverential hands."

And as we close the chapter of a life that can

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never suffer by a comparison, the words of a distinguished Roman gentleman ring in our memory: "She was the most fortunate of American matrons in having given to her country and to the world, a hero without ambition, and a patriot without reproach."

EVELYN BYRD



N the early part of the eighteenth century, about the year 1720, a gentleman of great wealth returned from England, bringing with him, in his own sailing vessel, his young daughter whose presentation had shortly before taken place at the Court of St. James, and about whose beauty and charm the fashionable tongues of two countries were wagging.

This gentleman was none other than the Honorable William Byrd, while the high-bred maiden who sat so passively beside him in his gilded coach as it rolled to his vast plantation, was the beautiful Evelyn, fresh from her triumphs abroad to try her fortune at the gay little Colonial Capital of Williamsburg.

Evelyn, the daughter of Colonel William and Lucy Parke Byrd, was born in 1708, upon her father's fair estate of Westover in Virginia, and though other children came to him, it was always this beautiful daughter who held first place

EVELYN BYRD

in his heart. As a child, the little Evelyn had her own corps of black attendants; when she rowed upon the river, it was in a galley manned by stalwart negro oarsmen; when she dined, an ebony page stood stolidly behind her chair, while her women servants were many, from the old black mammy, to the errand girl of contemporary age. Never was a life more joyous and care free than that led by this little Virginia maid.

When she was about eight years old, her father had her brought to London where he then was staying, and in a time-worn letter to his great friend, the Honorable John Custis, dated 1714, he speaks of his plans for her. "My daughter Evelyn has arrived safe, thank God, and I hope I shall manage her in such a manner that she may be no discredit to her country."

That the haughty Virginian realized this fond wish, all social history of the early eighteenth century proves, for when, after as good a schooling as could be gained in Europe, Evelyn Byrd, at sixteen, made her initial bow before George II, the Hanoverian monarch exclaimed in amazement: "Are there many other as beautiful *birds* in the forests of America?" Perhaps it was this play upon words that suggested to Sir

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Godfrey Kneller the pretty thought of painting in the background of his superb portrait of Mistress Evelyn a cardinal bird.

This exquisite likeness of America's greatest Colonial belle represents her in a gown of silvery blue fashioned without adornment save at the low neck, where a ruffle of the satin falls; the tight sleeves reach only to the elbow where they are finished with a frill. The poise of the figure is queenly almost to haughtiness; the dark brown hair, so plainly dressed, is carried back severely from the forehead to end in a loose curl over the right shoulder, and into it a tiny rose and bit of star jessamine nestle shyly. The slender hands with such tapering fingers show very plainly that they could never have accomplished a harder task than that in which the fair young girl is engaged—wreathing a chain of wild flowers about the crown of her leghorn hat. The neck is flawless, the shoulders a bit sloping; the throat full, yet slender. But even all this beauty may, perhaps, be overlooked when one's glance reaches the lovely face; oval in shape, lit by sad brown eyes set obliquely, the high-bred nose and sweetly drooping mouth recall to the mind of the observer the cause of the piteous, resigned expression.

EVELYN BYRD

There is more than one story of the love affair that brought so soon to a close the life of Evelyn Byrd. Some old writers would have us believe that she pined for her cousin, Daniel Parke Custis, whom her father was eager to have her marry, and who later became the husband of Martha Dandridge. Others say that it was for the old Earl of Peterborough, a roué of sixty years, though this is given little credence; the girl was too fair, too innocent for that. The most probable version of all seems that in which Charles Mordaunt, grandson and heir of the old Lord Peterborough, figures. That these two met to love each other, can well be believed; Mordaunt was noble, manly, as handsome as a Greek god; Evelyn Byrd was aristocratic, wealthy, beautiful, and had drawn the eyes of the world towards her, and in the match the smart world, with one exception, seems to have seen perfection: that exception—the haughty father of the would-be bride.

Though William Byrd and Lord Peterborough had been staunch friends, something came to pass which changed them into the bitterest of enemies; some say it was cards, others religion, and again a darker reason is hinted. Be that as it may, Colonel Byrd refused to sanction the

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love affair, and regardless of the triumphs she was leaving, brought his daughter back to Westover to die of a broken heart. Accustomed in every way to obey her father, the sad girl made no remonstrance, but accepted the fate which robbed her of her life. Her beauty, if changed at all, was made greater by the suffering heart it hid; for admirers she never lacked; for belledom she was created; but as her father never withdrew his tyranny, though he saw her life slipping away day by day, neither did Evelyn ever falter in her devotion to Charles Mordaunt, and after a few pitiful years the light of Westover went out all too soon, and Evelyn Byrd was but a memory, she herself having gone into the irrevocable eternity.

Of this lovely maid of Colonial days, whose innocence and naïveté never suffered from contact with the gayest of courts, one of William Byrd's biographers says: "Her hand was kissed by my Lords Oxford and Chesterfield; of whom sneering Harvey deigned to approve; who supped with Pope at his Twickenham villa, while yet the town was ringing with the success of his Odyssey; who was noticed by Beau Nash, the autocrat of Bath; who saw Cibber and Mrs. Oldfield play; who read Gulliver's Travels as



EVELYN BYRD'S BEDROOM AT WESTOVER

EVELYN BYRD

they were first presented to the public by his reverence the dean of St. Patrick's, then resident in Dublin; who from the presence-chamber of unroyal royalty, through a society reeking with wine and musk and snuff and scandal, passed back to her plantation home in the new country as unblemished as she came."

At beautiful old Brandon, where Sir Godfrey Kneller's famous portrait hangs, there is entered in an aged family record just opposite the name of Evelyn Byrd: "Refusing all offers from other gentlemen, she died of a broken heart."

A sigh is the outcome of the thoughts upon the sad life of the wistful girl whose years should have been so many and so fair. Through the quiet corners of old Westover, up and down its broad stairway, softly glides sometimes an ethereal figure said to be Evelyn Byrd. Those who sleep in the room that was hers when a little Colonial maid and to which she returned from the brilliant English Court, admit visits from the long dead beauty who comes as gently as she did in life. There are some who say they have felt the light touch of her exquisite fingers, others who have seen the white wraith hover near one of her favorite haunts; but there are none who fear the ghostly presence of the tender,

OLD TIME BELLES AND CAVALIERS

lovely Evelyn, who asked of life the one thing it denied her.

Under the oaks of Westover this beauty found a grave in which to rest forever. Darkened by time and roughened by storms, a massive stone slab is placed over the spot where, "in the sleep of deep peace," reposes the fairest flower of old Virginia, whose life has never been reproduced in all the time that has passed since the thirteenth day of November, in 1737. The lengthy inscription upon her heavy tomb is guarded jealously by mosses and lichens which screen as best they can the piteous words from idle gaze. This tiny bit of God's earth, sacred to the memory of one of His most beautiful human creations, is thickly carpeted with the periwinkle vine evergreen through dreary winter months in remembrance of her who sleeps beneath, and bright with smiling blue blossoms with the first bird song of early spring.

The days that Mistress Evelyn knew belonged to that unique and beautiful era when high-heeled dames coquetted with gold laced cavaliers; to that delightful and remarkable period which produced minds and masters, belles and beauties in whom vanity was blended with bravery with such wonderful results that the American people are

EVELYN BYRD

what they are to-day. Hers was a time of filial obedience, which made it an age of tyranny and selfish parents. More than all, it was a day of pretty love stories, sometimes of pathetic disappointments and broken hearts, yet never has there been such a picturesque age, never will there be again such famous belles, and never will life be so unique and well worth living as when Evelyn Byrd was the toast of two worlds.

MARTHA DANDRIDGE

MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON



THE family homestead in old New Kent County, that portion of Virginia which has changed but little during the two centuries that have come between, was born one May day, in 1732, a little girl whose name is so closely associated with the history of America that it is known to every school child. This little girl was Martha Dandridge, who came of the purest Southern aristocracy, and though her life shone principally in the light of her superb husband, there was in it, nevertheless, enough of romance and interest to gain for itself alone a responsive place.

Born in the country, with only such schooling as could be gleaned from indifferent governesses, Martha Dandridge first tasted gay life at Williamsburg, the little Capital of the Colonies, where, by her gracious manner and innate cheer-



THE DOLL TRUNK OF MARTHA DANDRIDGE WASHINGTON

Now in the Possession of Mrs. P. J. Kernodle, Richmond, Virginia

MARTHA DANDRIDGE

fulness, she soon won first place. And here it was that she seems to have met Daniel Parke Custis, whom she afterwards married. The flavor of romance was brought into this courtship by the opposition of young Custis' father, who was eager for his son to contract a more ambitious alliance with his cousin, Evelyn Byrd, the beauty as well as greatest heiress of the Colony. After stormy scenes and stubborn refusals to give his sanction to the match, the doughty colonel was finally persuaded to hear some of the virtues and attractions of the young lady of his son's choice and, the story goes, was so pleased with the sincere praise of her that came to him from all sides, that he finally yielded, even going so far as to put his consent in written words: "I give my free consent to the union of my son, Daniel, with Miss Martha Dandridge."

And so, at the age of seventeen, Mistress Martha, the Williamsburg belle, became Mrs. Daniel Parke Custis, and went with her husband to his plantation, the White House, in New Kent County, Virginia, which is pointed out to tourists to-day from the windows of an antiquated train that crawls lazily through this historic bit of country. In the first order sent to his London

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agent after his marriage, Daniel Custis wrote: "I desire a handsome watch for my wife, a pattern like the one you bought for Mrs. Burwell, with her name around the dial. There are just twelve letters in her name, MARTHA CUSTIS, a letter for each hour marked on the dial plate." This watch of history still exists to show with what faithfulness the order was executed. It has an open face, the gold back being enhanced with a circle of gold-set white enamel which extends over the front edges. The enamel of the dial is cracked and broken, but above most of the numerals, beginning with the first, is a letter of the name, Martha Custis.

Two children came of this union, and the young wife knew a great happiness. Her dream, however, was broken by the sad death of her husband, in 1757, and though he left her an ample fortune and an untiring interest in their little boy and girl, for a few years life seemed very incomplete for her. But for a meeting, the outcome of the merest accident, Martha Custis might have passed out of the world without leaving the tiniest shadow. With the curious way in which Fate so often manipulates things, however, her life was otherwise ordained.

One day, in the year 1758, a young officer fresh

MARTHA DANDRIDGE

from his first military triumphs crossed the Pamunkey River, landing upon the plantation of his friend, Mr. Chamberlayne. Though he had no intention of being delayed, this British soldier was at length persuaded to dine with Mr. Chamberlayne, the latter promising to reward him by presenting him to the most charming widow in the Colonies, who was also well endowed with worldly goods. And thus, George Washington met the Widow Custis. The attraction was mutual; the hours the two spent together passed all too swiftly; the days apart seemed never ending, and after a brief courtship, these two persons, the center of the social history of America, plighted their troth. One of the few letters preserved of their most interesting correspondence was written when Washington was in camp near Fort Cumberland, and we must admit that it sounds a bit stiff and stilted, even if between the lines sincerity rings true. "We have begun our march for the Ohio," it runs. "A Courier is starting for Williamsburg, and I embrace the opportunity to send a few words to one whose life is now inseparable from mine. Since that happy hour when we made our pledges to each other, my thoughts have been continually going to you as to another

OLD TIME BELLES AND CAVALIERS

Self. That an All-powerful Providence may keep us both in safety is the prayer of your ever faithful &

“Ever affectionate Friend,

“G. WASHINGTON.”

“20th of July.

“Mrs. Martha Custis.”

The exact date of the marriage is not known, but it is usually placed January 6th, 1759. Mr. Lossing informs us that for the wedding, “The bridegroom was clothed in a suit of blue cloth, the coat lined with red silk and ornamented with silver trimmings. His waistcoat was of white satin, embroidered; his shoe and knee buckles were gold; his hair was powdered, and by his side hung a straight dress sword. The bride was attired in a white satin quilted petticoat, and a heavy corded white silk overskirt; high-heeled shoes of white satin, with diamond buckles; rich point lace ruffles; pearl necklace, ear-rings, and bracelet; and pearl ornaments in her hair. She was attended by three bridesmaids.”

The sentiment that generally prevailed in regard to this union cannot be better illustrated than by the following anecdotes:

When the Federal Government was trying to

MARTHA DANDRIDGE

secure the land upon which Washington now stands, it was necessary to get control of a farm owned by a doughty Scotchman by the name of David Burns who proved very difficult. Upon one occasion, when President Washington was trying to induce him to sell, pointing out the great advantages he would derive from it, the peppery Davy, worn to exasperation, exclaimed, we hope without thinking: "I suppose you think people here are going to take every grist that comes from you as pure grain, *but* what would *you* have *been* if *you* hadn't married the Widow Custis!"

Shortly after their marriage, the Washingtons took up their residence at Mount Vernon, and it is as the gracious châtelaine of that beautiful estate that Martha Washington shines supreme. Under her guidance the household never wanted for efficient domestics, and though the discipline she maintained was strict, her humanity towards her servants, her interest in them, gained for her their most loyal affection. Even after General Washington became President, she was in every way an accomplished housewife of the old school, giving her close attention to all domestic matters. And it was her untiring zeal in this respect that contributed so largely to the

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comfort and enjoyment of the numerous guests that were entertained at Mount Vernon and the White House.

During the cloudy days prior to the Revolution, Mrs. Washington was her husband's greatest comfort; in camp, where she always followed the general, whether in ease at New York or Morristown, or suffering at Valley Forge, Martha Dandridge was the spirit of encouragement and cheerfulness to the disheartened soldiers, by whom she was always called "Lady Washington." American friends of Great Britain had scattered broadcast the report that Mrs. Washington had separated from the general owing to her loyalty and his treason, whereupon, as soon as the story reached her ears, she set out for Philadelphia en route for camp at Cambridge, and at the Schuylkill Ferry was met by a troop of Light Horse and the officers of many companies, who escorted her into the city; from that moment she was the inspiration of the Continental forces.

"Few females have figured in the drama of life amid scenes so varied & Imposing with so few faults and so many virtues.

"Identified with the Father of his Country, in the great events which led to the establish-

MARTHA DANDRIDGE

ment of a nation's independence, Mrs. Washington necessarily partook much of his thoughts, his councils and his views. Often at his side, in that awful period that 'tried men's souls,' her cheerfulness soothed his anxieties, her firmness inspired confidence, while her devotional piety towards the Supreme Being enabled her to discern the beautiful form of hope, amid the darkness occasioned by the greatest earthly grief." So one biographer writes of this splendid woman.

After the fury of the Revolutionary storm had spent itself and the sun of American independence rose so brilliantly, it was the Washingtons towards whom the eyes of the young Republic looked, and here again, Mrs. Washington shone pre-eminent. As the Lady Presidentess, she was the same gentle, dignified hostess as she had been in New Kent County and at Mount Vernon; the honors which came with her exalted position she wore well, always appreciating but never over-rating their value, and in describing one of her levees, an English traveller in this country, in 1790, writes:

"At the drawing-room, Mrs. Washington received the ladies, who courtesied, and passed aside without exchanging a word. Tea and coffee, with refreshments of all kinds, were laid

OLD TIME BELLES AND CAVALIERS

in one part of the rooms, and before the individuals of the company retired, each lady was a second time led up to the lady-president, made her second silent obeisance, and departed. Nothing could be more simple, yet it was enough."

While in the White House, it was the custom of Mrs. Washington to return the visits of those privileged to call upon her, the third day, and one of these calls is thus described by a fortunate recipient: "She would send a footman over, who would knock loudly and announce Mrs. Washington, who would then come over with Mr. Lear. Her manners were very easy, pleasant and unceremonious, with the characteristics of other Virginia ladies."

The life of Martha Washington was one of blended joys and sorrows. Though she and Washington were not blessed with children, they had the care and pleasure of her Custis grandchildren, who so well rewarded their untiring affection. A promising early life drifted into one of cares and troubles which must all have been forgotten and dispelled in the brilliant last years that were granted her.

Of the many portraits of Martha Washington, the best liked are those of Wollaston and Gilbert Stuart. The former, painted in 1757, shows



MARTHA DANDRIDGE
MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON
From the Portrait by Wollaston

MARTHA DANDRIDGE

her as Mrs. Custis. It is a three-quarter figure, girlish looking and full of life; the face is more noble than beautiful, the form rounded, and though Martha Dandridge was below the average in height, from Wollaston's likeness one would fancy her to have been tall.

The best among her portraits by Stuart is that done when she was advancing in years. In this, known as the Athenæum portrait, she appears as a winsome old lady, content to be an old lady, whose motherly face is outlined by a frilled mob cap and who wears a simple fichu at the neck.

Most old time belles won their fame by their beauty; Martha Dandridge won hers by her splendid mind and character, and though physical loveliness must ever be one of the greatest feminine attractions, it must be admitted that the qualities which adorned the wife of our first President will live in the memory long after the greatest beauty has faded.

On the twenty-second day of May, in 1802, seventy years after she had come into life and three weary years after the death of her adored husband, Martha Washington breathed her last, and the entire country mourned her loss sincerely when the Portfolio of June 5th, the same year, announced:

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“Died at Mount Vernon, on Saturday evening, the 22nd of May, 1802, Mrs. Martha Washington, widow of the late illustrious General George Washington. To those amiable and Christian virtues which adorn a female character, she added dignity of manners, superiority of understanding, a mind intelligent and elevated. The silence of our respectful grief is our best eulogy.”

BRIAN FAIRFAX

EIGHTH LORD FAIRFAX



ON a bleak, cold day in December, 1781, that memorable year which marked the triumph of America's Revolution, a well-mounted horseman rode rapidly some seventy-five miles to deliver a letter sealed heavily with black wax into which had sunk the impress of an historic coat of arms.

This adventurous rider came from a rude little dwelling perched upon a slope of Virginia's Blue Ridge Mountains, and the missive he so carefully bore acquainted in the following briefly formal words the prospective heir with old Lord Fairfax's death:

"To Brian Fairfax, Esq., Towlston.

"His Lordship died December the 7th. Messrs. Jones and Peter Hog are daily expected here, who, in conjunction with me, his Lord-

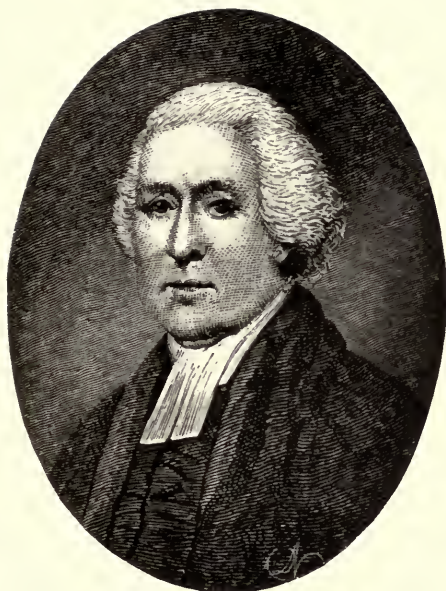
OLD TIME BELLES AND CAVALIERS

ship has appointed his Executors. I shall send a messenger on purpose to acquaint you with their sentiments.

“ I am, Dear Sir, your affecte. Humble Servt.,
“B. MARTIN.”

To understand the whole story, one must go back to the year 1688, when King James II of England granted to Thomas, Lord Culpepper, a previous Governor of Virginia (a very unpopular one, too), that splendid and extensive domain known to historians and geographers as the Northern Neck of Virginia. Catharine, the daughter of this Lord Culpepper, married a Fairfax, and to their son, Thomas, Sixth Lord Fairfax, fell the veritable principality. Thus it was that this aristocratic family became the proprietors of a wilderness empire, according to the grant “together with all its forests, mines, minerals, huntings, fishings, and fowlings, with authority to divide, sell, grant or lease and occupy at will, any or every portion thereof, always however to be and remain under allegiance to the royal prerogative.”

But Thomas, Sixth Lord Fairfax, did not seem to appreciate this regal inheritance, and being loath to leave the gay Court life he so well



BRIAN, LORD FAIRFAX



Fairfax Arms

BRIAN FAIRFAX

adorned, entrusted to his cousin, William Fairfax, the management of the vast estate. Nor was it until many years afterwards that he even visited America, and then it was to take refuge here and become, as the outcome of an unfortunate love affair, a taciturn recluse for the remainder of his life. Belvoir, his twenty-five hundred acre plantation which adjoined Mount Vernon, did not appeal to this young man, a macaroni in his day, and, curiously enough, though he came fresh from the most brilliant drawing-rooms of London, he longed for the Colonial wilds in which to hide himself and muse over or forget his sorrow. Choosing a wooded slope not far from the present town of Winchester, he built the low-browed mountain cottage which from then on was his home, and it was from the little dwelling at Greenway Court that the old letter to his cousin came.

Though Robert, the brother of Lord Thomas Fairfax, inherited the title, it was his American cousin Brian whom Benjamin Martin, the old lord's nephew and companion, first notified. Robert lived just ten years after this, and upon his death it was to Brian Fairfax as the next of kin that the title fell.

The Eighth Lord Fairfax, who has been de-

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scribed as "A minister of God, as pure as he was conscientious," was the enviable possessor of two handsome country seats; one known as Towlston was situated but a few miles from Alexandria, while the other, Mount Eagle, looked over Hunting Creek, an historic bit of water which flows through Fairfax County, Virginia. Besides being so well endowed in worldly ways, he claimed the distinction of being cousin, neighbor and friend of George Washington, and yet a Tory baron. It was Anne Fairfax, his half-sister, who, by marrying Lawrence Washington, became the first mistress of beautiful Mount Vernon, while his winsome daughter, fair little Sally Fairfax, whose happy life was cut so pitifully short, left in her childish daily journal some quaint word pictures of the times in which she lived.

As this little maid of olden days was so much a part of her father's early life, it may be interesting to steal a glance into her well-thumbed and laboriously written diary, dated the year that she had counted ten. How quaintly she anticipates a Christmas party at old Belvoir, where she was born: "On thursday the 26 of decem Mama made 6 mince pyes and 7 custards 12 tarts 1 chicking pye and 4 pudings for the ball."

BRIAN FAIRFAX

Sally's love of detail is soon impressed upon her reader, who is a bit shocked to find entered upon another day: "on Satterday the 28th of december I won 10 shillings of Mr. William payn at chex." This last entry is not easily reconciled with the daughter of an eighteenth century parson, though it must be admitted that he has been called a lover of good sport himself. But the



The Tailpiece of Little Sally Fairfax's Journal

most original and amusing bit of the journal is the last leaf, the *finis*, as it were, for here the child, evidently in great glee over having put back of her an uncongenial task, has drawn an impertinent jackdaw perched upon a tree no larger than himself and jeering to the world at large: "Ha! Ha! Ha!"

The father of Brian was Colonel William Fairfax, the sixth lord's agent, and the epitaph

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upon the tomb of his mother, Deborah Gedney, gives a brief history of her life, proving both parents to have been persons of no small consequence in the Colonies:

“ Here Rest the Remains of Deborah Clarke Fairfax who Departed this Troublesome Life on the Fourteenth Day of —— 1747 in the Sixty-Seventh Year of Her Age.

She was the Widow of Francis Clarke of New Salem, Massachusetts Colony, and Late Wife of William Fairfax, Esq., Collector of His Majesty's Customs on the South Potomac, and one of the King's Honorable Council of Virginia. In every station of Life She was worthy of Imitation. A Faithful and Loving Wife. The best of Mothers.

A Sincere and Aimiable Friend. In all Religious Duties well instructed and Observant, and has gone where only such virtues can be Rewarded.”

Brian Fairfax, the best known of a family of seven children, was born in 1737 and, according to old chroniclers, showed at an early age his calling to the ministry, which he entered shortly after he became of age. But this noble Virginia gentleman was no ordinary parson, for no man better loved to ride with the hounds, no sportsman could boast of a truer shot and few authors could write more pertinent or caustic paragraphs. Note, for instance, his conception of one passage in the Bible: “ David tells us, ‘ Men of

BRIAN FAIRFAX

high degree are a lie (they promise and never perform), and men of low degree are vanity' (that is, have nothing to give)." Bishop Meade wrote that the Reverend Mr. Fairfax was a man of sterling character, well fitted in every way to speak the word of God, but the word pictures painted of him by his contemporaries and intimates leave upon us more the impression of a typical southern planter than of a pious minister. Through his marriage to Elizabeth Cary he strengthened his position of prominence, for the Carys of Virginia were counted among the highest born and most beautiful women of the Colony.

When American liberty became the greatest problem ever laid before the Colonists, Brian Fairfax, then Rector of old Christ Church, Alexandria, and George Washington's minister as well as trusted friend, brought every power of eloquence at his command to persuade the latter from opposing England. Happening to be at Mount Vernon when news of the battle of Lexington was brought, his attitude upon receiving the grave announcement was thus described by Washington Irving: "The worthy and gentle spirited Fairfax deplored it deeply. He foresaw that it must break up all his pleasant relations in life; arraying his dearest friends

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against the Government to which, notwithstanding the errors of its policy, he was loyally attached and resolved to adhere." Though their difference of opinion always rose as a barrier between these two splendid men, their friendship was always sincere, and when Washington died, he left a paragraph in his will which read: "To the Reverend, Now Bryan, Lord Fairfax, I give a Bible in three large folio volumes with notes, presented to me by the Right Reverend Thomas Wilson, Bishop of Sodor and Man."

In the old garden at Belvoir house, where Brian Fairfax paced to and fro conning intently the deep pages of theology, and where a generation later he forgot his priestly dignity to romp with his wee daughter Sally, there were "box bordered beds of lady-slippers, sweet-williams, marigolds, lilacs, and the like." In the arbors of this fragrant garden, George Washington often sat to converse upon the crops with his farmer friend or ask spiritual comfort from his minister, as the case might have been, and here Lady Fairfax was at her best as she showed to admiring friends and neighbors the beautiful and numerous blossoms which came into life as compensation for her toil.

When news reached the American heir to the

BRIAN FAIRFAX

Fairfax title that his cousin had died, in 1793, he at once repaired to London to lay before the House of Lords his claim. In anticipation of this trip abroad, Washington, for whom he was the bearer of some letters, wrote him:

“ MOUNT VERNON, 18th May, 1798.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ Having occasion to write another letter to Sir John Sinclair, I take the liberty of giving you the trouble of it, and Mrs. Washington begs the favour of you to put her letter to her old neighbour and friend, Mrs. Fairfax, into a channel for safe delivery if you should not see her yourself.

“ Knowing from experience that Masters of Vessels never sail at the time they first appoint, Mrs. Washington and I propose to call upon you on our return from the city, in full confidence of seeing you then. If, however, contrary to expectation, the Captain of the vessel you embark on should be more punctual than usual, and we should be disappointed in this, we beg you to receive our ardent wishes for a safe and pleasant passage to England—the perfect restoration of your health and happy meeting with your friends when you return. To these wishes

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let me add assurances of the affectionate regard of

“Dear Sir,

“Your Obed’t Servant,

“G. WASHINGTON.”

“Our compliments to Mrs. Fairfax and the family.

“The Revd. Mr. Fairfax.”

During his long sojourn in Great Britain, pending the investigation of his claim to the title, Mr. Fairfax resided at Leeds Castle, seat of his Fairfax kindred, and in his “History of Leeds Castle,” C. Wykeham Martin refers to him: “He was an Episcopalian clergyman, and, unlike the clergy of England, his dress was a complete suit of purple, in accordance with the customs of Virginia.”

It was not until 1800 that his title was confirmed, and his sister Hannah, wife of Warner Washington, stood, evidently, somewhat in awe of her brother’s new dignity when she wrote of it to her son from Mount Eagle upon her first visit there after Lord Fairfax’s return. “I have the pleasure of informing my dear Son that I found his Lordship greatly mended though still weak. He had paid some morning visits to

BRIAN FAIRFAX

Alexandria the day we got down. He has no legs left now, and indeed his whole body is greatly emaciated. . . . His Lordship has invited sixteen gents here to-day, so we are to have a feast,—all those who have paid visits here since his arrival and during his illness. It is so long since I have conversed with Noblemen that it was very awkward the first day to address either my Brother or Sister by their titles—indeed I have only got over the difficulty to-day.”

But the worldly glory came to the old planter-parson almost too late, for he lived but three years to enjoy it, and, in 1802, the bell of old Christ Church mournfully announced to the clergy of Virginia that one of the kindest, purest and best of their number had been called to his eternal recompense. In Ivy Hill Cemetery, near Alexandria, and not far from the plantation he had called home, there is a tablet erected by his granddaughter, who had carved into the stone the words:

“ In Memoriam.

“ Right Hon. Rev. Bryan, Lord Fairfax, Baron of Cameron and Rector of Christ Church, Fairfax Parish.

Died at Mount Eagle, Aug. 7, 1802, aged 78.

“ The Lord Forsaketh not the Saints. They are preserved forever.”

LAMBERT CADWALADER



AMONG the numerous portraits that came from the brush of Charles Wilson Peale there is one which excites sincere admiration in artist and layman through its expression of dignity and repose. The subject of this portrait, which was made in the year 1770, was Lambert Cadwalader, a distinguished Colonial gentleman and Revolutionary soldier. Dressed, apparently, in the quiet garb of the Society of Friends, Colonel Cadwalader is pictured leaning easily against a table or chair, and back of him, through an open window, a glimpse of the blue skies and green trees of the country is given. His powdered wig is rolled high from the ears and is caught back tightly into a queue, the severity of its outline accentuating the high-bred face and intelligent forehead. Dark and heavy eyebrows, keen eyes, a nose almost feminine in its beauty, a well cleft upper lip and splendid

LAMBERT CADWALADER

mouth, gave to this eighteenth century gentleman every right to be called handsome.

But if Lambert Cadwalader was a handsome man, he was no less brave, and we find his name boldly written in the most stirring chapter of the country's history; for he was born in 1742, and had reached manhood's prime when America's Declaration of Independence startled the old world. Though Trenton, New Jersey, was his birth place, and he later represented his native State in the first Congress, Lambert Cadwalader received his education in Philadelphia, as his father, Dr. Thomas Cadwalader, and his mother, who was Hannah Lambert, called that city home.

The early years of Colonel Cadwalader's life were spent much as were those of other well-to-do young Americans of the pre-Revolutionary period, and but for the grave war in which he so conspicuously figured, it is somewhat doubtful if Lambert Cadwalader would ever have been known beyond aristocratic clubs and gilded ball-rooms. As it was ordained, however, the young New Jersian was meant for larger things, and when John Cadwalader organized his Philadelphia troop, his young kinsman was one of the first to volunteer. Even before the boom of the

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great gun in Lexington, these Pennsylvania soldiers were drilling daily, and though the "Greens," as they were known, were sneeringly dubbed "the Silk Stocking Company," the splendid work they did in actual warfare lifts from them for all time this gibe of 1776.

Morning and afternoon, day after day, young Lambert Cadwalader presented himself at John Cadwalader's yard, where his friends to the number of seventy prepared themselves for battle. At first, it may have been for him something of a lark, for Colonel Cadwalader's cellar boasted excellent Madeira, and after the arduous task of drilling, the would-be soldiers were amply refreshed by draughts of the exhilarating wine. Of these young men who represented the flower of Philadelphia, Graydon says: "Their fathers were so fine that Mifflin called them Aristocrats," yet we find a Mifflin named among the company, other members of Lambert Cadwalader's battalion being John Nixon, Samuel Meredith, Peter Markoe, James Biddle, Benjamin Loxley, Thomas Proctor, Joseph Moulder, Richard Peters, Tench Francis, William Bradford, Joseph Cowperthwaite, John Shee, John Wilcocks and Francis Gurney.

These embryo soldiers must have presented

LAMBERT CADWALADER

splendid figures in their green-faced coats, which were "short, falling but little below the waist band of the breeches which shows the size of a man to great advantage." White stockings and black knee-garters, half-boots and small hats ornamented with tufts of deer fur made to resemble as closely as possible the tail of a buck, completed their Revolutionary costumes, which, no doubt, suffered a sad deterioration during the years of actual warfare.

In January, 1776, when excitement in America was at its hottest, the name of Lambert Cadwalader, of the Philadelphia Greens, headed the list of those sent in for lieutenant-colonelcies, January 3rd, at which time he became an officer in Shee's battalion. Scarce nine months later, in the following October, he was promoted to the rank of colonel, which title he bore with dignity the remainder of his days. From the date of this promotion, the young colonel of the Fourth Regiment of Foot, United States Army, until the war was over, saw service as dangerous as it was active, and no officer was more rigid in military discipline, no courier more swift and no soldier more daring than this gilded youth whose previous life had been one of aristocratic leisure.

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On the sixteenth day of November, 1776, Colonel Cadwalader took a gallant part in the defence of Fort Washington, which resulted in his capture by the British. Fortunately for him, his imprisonment was of very short duration, for his father had shown many kindnesses to General Prescott when the latter was held in Philadelphia; and when Sir William Howe learned of Colonel Cadwalader's detention, he proved his appreciation of favors shown his general by releasing the American officer without parole and sending him back home.

Though his first capture ended so well for him, the young colonel later spent some long and bitter hours in prison, but when peace was declared, found himself compensated for his sufferings by the distinction accorded him owing to the patriotic service he had so freely given to his country. In sincere gratitude for what he had done in America's time of need, Colonel Cadwalader was elected to Congress, in 1789, by the people of his birth State. But this patriot born seems to have been a better soldier than statesman, for, although he represented his constituents as well as the majority of Congressmen, he never rose to the heights he had attained in the



LAMBERT CADWALADER
From the Portrait by Charles Wilson Peale

LAMBERT CADWALADER

military. The field of battle, the dangers of camp life must have appealed more strongly to him than the ease of the House of Representatives with its political tread-mill. In Peale's portrait he appears much more the dignified statesman than dashing soldier, though the likeness was made before he was either, he at that time being just a young gentleman of fashion.

After the war he was fortunate enough to secure a part of his father's estate, Greenwood, near Trenton, which place from then on he made his home. As host of this ancestral mansion, Colonel Cadwalader became famous for his hospitality, "a virtue which he both inherited and transmitted."

When the Revolution was twelve years in the past, when he was a bachelor of fifty-one, Lambert Cadwalader was married to Miss Mary McCall, daughter of Archibald McCall, of Philadelphia.

His domestic life seems to have been lost in the glory of his public valor, though it would undoubtedly prove very interesting to know just what the war-time hero was like in the intimacy of his own home. Of his wife, we also know but little, and perhaps it is just as well for the kindly

OLD TIME BELLES AND CAVALIERS

veil of obscurity to fall over the private life of a public citizen, else he might be denied the joys of having anything all his own.

A contemporary and great admirer of this son of the Revolution wrote: "To the good breeding, courtesy and elegance of the gentleman, he united the advantages of early education and the acquisition of an enlarged and cultivated understanding, regulated by classical taste and improved by habits of general reading. Few were so happily gifted with the power of pleasing and the disposition to be pleased; few have enjoyed in an equal share the friendship, respect and affection of all around them."

Eighty-one years is a lengthy span to be allotted to one man, yet Lambert Cadwalader used his to the advantage of his country, and when death claimed him in 1823, those who knew him mourned a sincere friend, while the nation he had helped to create gave him a place in her bravest history.

It was at beautiful Greenwood that life ceased for him, on September 23, 1823, and it is in the Old Friends' Burial Ground, in Trenton, that he sleeps serenely through the restless age that he never knew.

Closing the chapter of his life, this later gen-

LAMBERT CADWALADER

eration is apt to think of and appreciate the letter he wrote his good friend, Colonel George Morgan, of Pittsburgh, not very long after the Stamp Act was repealed; the letter in which occur the strangely prophetic words:

“ America is again free! God bless her; long may she remain so. As to the *Act* asserting the right of Parliament to tax the Colonies, we shall regard it as waste paper. Let us only enjoy liberty but half a century longer, and we will defy the power of England to enslave us.”

FRANCES DEERING WENTWORTH

LADY WENTWORTH



IN the White Mountain section of New Hampshire, justly called the Switzerland of America, are three picturesque towns which owe their names to a famous Colonial belle.

Wentworth, the most important of these little cities, is situated among the foot-hills of Grafton County, while Deering and Francestown both nestle in the smiling valleys of County Hillsboro with its lofty mountain background.

The lovely sponsor for these New England villages, rich in their wealth of Colonial lore and legend, was Frances Deering Wentworth, the daughter of Samuel Wentworth, of Boston, who found, when she came into life, an enviable position owing to the prominence of her parents. It was the good fortune of the little maid to be born in 1746, so she lived the true Colonial life

FRANCES DEERING WENTWORTH

upon which she often looked back with a wistful pang from the glare and glitter of the princely courts at which her lines were cast after 1776.

When the beautiful Frances was just nineteen, John Singleton Copley, who had admired her greatly since her childhood, was permitted to paint her portrait, and a visit to the public library in New York, where this much-vaunted painting now hangs, shows clearly that the inspiration of the subject won from the artist his best efforts towards her reproduction. This portrait of three-quarter length represents the beauty in a gown of shimmering satin relieved by priceless ivory lace in the low corsage and elbow sleeves; across the right shoulder a scarf falls gracefully, while in her left hand is held a slender chain to which is attached a flying squirrel playing merrily upon the table at which she haughtily sits. Her dark hair is taken back so severely from the forehead that had Miss Wentworth been aught but a perfect beauty the effect would have been almost ludicrous; as it is, the hard outline is relieved by the rope of pearls which hang near the brow and match so perfectly the necklace of the same precious jewels about her throat. Oddly enough, the earrings she wears make her appear almost modern.

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Back of the figure hangs the velvet drapery of a curtain in which Copley is as well recognized as in the flying squirrel. The portrait is surely very beautiful, and the original with her heavy dark hair and glorious almond eyes, full of promises and denials; her brilliant coloring and well-curved lips; her haughty bearing and queenly poise, must have admitted few, if any rivals, in all New England.

But the fair Frances was both fickle and capricious; of beaux she had a-plenty, but when she was very young, she fell deeply in love with her cousin, John Wentworth, of New Hampshire, whose future seemed as promising as the lad was good to look at. But the little God of Love frowned more than once upon these two interesting young people for whom life should have been so smooth and rosy. Frances Wentworth, as are all great beauties, was both wilful and high tempered; her cousin was no less headstrong, and when it came to the winning of a lover's quarrel, neither would admit defeat, so the engagement snapped rudely, and young Wentworth sought forgetfulness in some years of travel. It is said that Mistress Frances at first refused to believe the affair at an end, but as time rolled by and her irate fiancé came neither



FRANCES DEERING WENTWORTH
LADY WENTWORTH

From the Engraving by H. W. Smith after Copley's Portrait

FRANCES DEERING WENTWORTH

repentant nor at all, she grew impatient, and tired of waiting, resolved to banish him from her thoughts. Acting upon the impulse, she bestowed her hand if not her heart upon another cousin, Theodore Atkinson, kinsman also of John Wentworth. When the latter returned and found Frances married, he accepted the change as a matter of course, and though he did not appear to be envious of his rival's good fortune, his eyes and thoughts seem to have been constantly upon the pair.

The married life of Mrs. Theodore Atkinson must have held but little of interest, for we do not hear of the lady again until the death of her husband, when she once more becomes identified with the social history of New Hampshire and Massachusetts. It was in a rudely shocking manner that she returned to the stage of the gay world. Theodore Atkinson, whether happy or otherwise, did not live long to enjoy his brilliant wife, and no sooner had he been laid to rest than the thoughts of his beautiful widow turned to her girlhood lover. She seems to have been perfectly frank in admitting no grief for her loss, and heartless as it would appear, after one short week of lightest mourning became the bride of her former fiancé. The second wedding cere-

OLD TIME BELLES AND CAVALIERS

mony took place for Frances Wentworth on the eleventh day of November, in 1769, and in this marriage she truly came into her own. In the romance connected with the whole affair which was known throughout New England, Norah Perry found the inspiration for her well-known poem.

Frances Wentworth proved both wise and happy in her last matrimonial venture, for from then on she became conspicuous in official life. John Wentworth succeeded his father in the Governorship of New Hampshire, and as the first lady of the Granite State she won her everlasting fame.

No New England man of his period advanced more rapidly in public preferment and political prominence than John Wentworth. From his father he inherited much beyond mere wealth, for the senior Wentworth was a King's Councillor, Justice of Common Pleas and Lieutenant-Governor of the Colony. Though he drew no regular salary, the splendid money grants that came to him from the Crown, together with the lands he owned, insured for his son an ample income that extended beyond his life to that of his posterity. Born August 9, 1737, young Wentworth was sent from the hands of a tutor

FRANCES DEERING WENTWORTH

to Harvard, where he became distinguished in more ways than one and made for himself friends who were close to him as long as he remained true to his own country. About the year 1765, when he was still a very young man, he was honored by being sent to England as the agent of his province. The manner in which he conducted this embassy, the social success that was his abroad, and his personal charm are said to have been borrowed by Theodore Winthrop for the leading character in his "Edwin Prothrofto."

Upon the outbreak of the Revolution, Governor Wentworth, ever loyal to the government which had shown such faith in him, went with his family at once to England, where he was created a baronet under the title Sir John Wentworth.

Possessing such rare beauty, such a regal bearing, and such infinite tact, one is not surprised that Lady Wentworth became so great a favorite in the royal household that she became maid of honor to Queen Charlotte, while her personality, her powers of conversation, and innumerable accomplishments, allied to her American birth, rendered her a conspicuous figure at more than one foreign court.

The adulation they received abroad, coupled with the fact that their loyal allegiance had not

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served to make them over-popular in their own country, kept the Wentworths away from the United States the remainder of their lives. Sir John was made Governor of Nova Scotia, and it was there that he died in 1820, but it was in England that Lady Frances had bid the world good-by seven years before, in 1813. The lovely maid of Copley's portrait had developed into a matron of sixty-seven; the black hair had given way to silver; the Cupid's bow mouth had become pinched and drawn; the velvet skin was marred with lines; but the almond eyes were just as bright and the famous wit almost as keen as when Mrs. Theodore Atkinson threw aside her widow's weeds to become the ever-resplendent Lady Frances Deering Wentworth.

GEORGE DIGGES



ROUND a massive glowing fireplace, in a Potomac River mansion, that picturesque centre of the old time home, for many years there gathered the members of a splendid family whose American root, though firmly planted in Virginia, sent vigorous branches into her sister State of Maryland. Digges was the name of this illustrious family, Warburton their country seat, and in telling the story of one of its most distinguished members, perhaps it is best to know a bit of his ancestors. An excellent idea of the life of one of these gentlemen is gained in reading upon an ancient tomb the epitaph:

“To the memory of Edward Digges, Esquire, Sonne of Sir Dudley Digges, of Chilham, in Kent, Knight and Baronett, Master of the Rolls in the reign of King Charles the 1st. He departed this life on the 15th of March, 1675, in the 55th year of his age, one of his Majesty’s Councill for this his Colony of Va.

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A gentleman of most commendable parts and ingenuity, and the only introducer and promoter of the silk-manufacture in this Colonie, and in everything else a pattern worthy of all pious imitation. He had issue six sonnes and seven daughters by the body of Elizabeth his wife, who of her conjugal affection hath dedicated to him this memorial.”

Chilham Castle, in the English County of Kent, was built by old Sir Dudley when Charles the First was king, and over its entrance may still be read: “The Lord is my house of defense and my Castle, Dudley Digges—Mary Kempe.”

Upon another family stone are graven these interesting words:

“Digges, ever to extremes untaught to bend;
Enjoying life, yet mindful of his end.
In thee the world an happy meeting saw
Of sprightly humour and religious awe.
Cheerful, not wild; facetious, yet not mad;
Though grave, not sour; though serious, never sad.
Mirth came not, call'd to banish from within
Intruding pangs of unrepented sin;
And thy religion was no studied art
To varnish guilt, but purified the heart.
What less than a felicity most rare
Could spring from such a temper and such care?
Now in the city, taking great delight
To vote new laws, or old interpret right;

GEORGE DIGGES

Now crowds and business quitting, to receive
The joys content in solitude can give.
With equal praise thou shone among the great,
And graced the humble pleasures of retreat;
Display'd thy dignity on every scene,
And tempted or betray'd to nothing mean.
Whate'er of mean beneath it lies,
The rest unstain'd is claim'd by the skies."

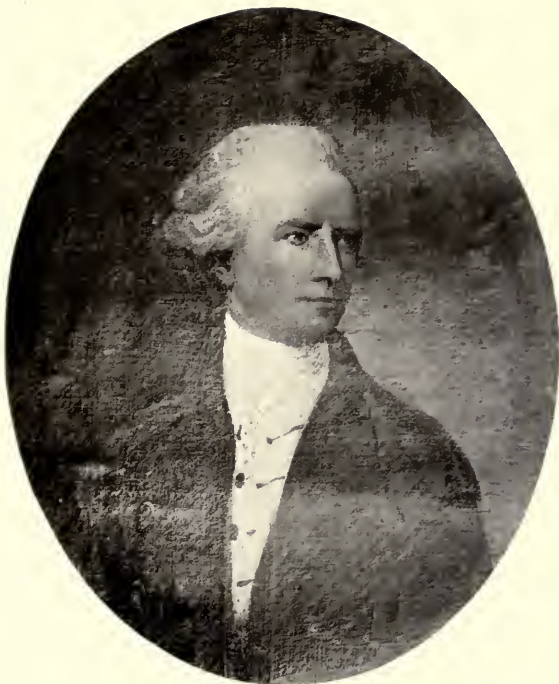
Colonel William Digges, the Maryland descendant of the original branch of the Virginia family, married Elizabeth Seawell, who was the step-daughter of Charles Calvert, third Lord Baltimore. Her mother was beautiful Jane Lowe, daughter of Sir Vincent Lowe and Anne Cavendish, the splendid stock of which is to-day represented upon the Eastern Shore of Maryland. Thus it was that Jane Lowe, Lady Baltimore, came to be the great-grandmother of George Digges.

As it is through portraits that one learns best to know the personal characteristics of those who have gone before, we must turn to the likeness of this eighteenth century gentleman who sat to Sir Joshua Reynolds. Exceedingly beautiful in point of art and physical expression, the portrait of young George Digges is well worth an hour's study. It has been said that the face strongly resembles that of the younger William Pitt. In

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any event, it is one superbly handsome. The powdered hair worn in the early Republican style, the strong, straight nose, the scornful, almost cruel mouth and broad, deep forehead, betray at first glance a person of high degree, while the eyes, deep set and dark beneath straight brows, fiery, searching in their expression, prove the subject to have been more than a mere courtier, though the scarlet coat, gold buttoned waistcoat, and scrupulously tied stock, would lead one to believe him fitted for that and nothing more. It is the eyes that hold one longest in the portrait, and yet it is the eyes, between which lie two frowning lines, that send one to search for that which is gladly found.

In some unaccountable manner George Digges has become confounded with his brother Thomas, conflicting stories being told of each, though in research as careful as can be made a century after the death of both, it appears to have been George and not Thomas, as is frequently stated, who represented America so brilliantly at the Court of the English king. During his youth, which was mostly spent in London, he was known as "the handsome American" to which epithet his right is most assuredly undisputed. A dandy in appearance, his



GEORGE DIGGES
From the Portrait Ascribed to Sir Joshua Reynolds

GEORGE DIGGES

dress was always exquisitely neat and in the best extreme of fashion. When he walked abroad he wore black satin small clothes which met the long white silk stockings. His coat was of the finest broadcloth or silkiest velvet; his white satin waistcoat richly embroidered, and his stock of immaculate white mull. But when his bachelor friends assembled in his apartments for a bowl of rack or a bit of gossip, he received them in a flowing gown of gorgeous damask, while in place of silver buckled shoes, his feet were encased in leather slippers matching or contrasting to the color of his robe. It must be admitted that the young American was somewhat of a macaroni, yet, when he returned to his own country and felt its need for a certain and rare type of man, he proved himself of resolute character and ardent patriotism. So sincere was he in the services he rendered, so successful was he in carrying out any matter of importance entrusted to him, that when the time came for the American Congress to send a confidential representative to the Court of St. James, George Washington threw all his great influence towards the youthful Marylander, who was granted the commission as hazardous as it was complimentary.

High toned in morals, superior in ability,

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amazingly handsome and debonair in appearance, George Digges was a man of many parts, and lived to the betterment of his country and of his friends.

Warburton, lying as it did on the Potomac shore diagonally across from Mount Vernon, near the present site of Fort Washington, there was much intercourse between the families of the two estates, and Washington Irving describes some of the meetings upon the river highway as: "Water parties upon the Potomac in those days when Mr. Digges would receive his guests in a barge rowed by six negroes arrayed in a uniform whose distinguishing beauties were check shirts and black velvet caps." So it was in this manner that the handsome host of Warburton went to visit the Washingtons. It was at his beautiful home that Major L'Enfant was for some time a guest of honor, and there were but few eminent American men of the period who were not at some time entertained there.

That all the patriotism of the Digges family was not confined to the men, can easily be believed when one hears an anecdote related of one of the Mrs. Digges, who came of the Carrolls of Maryland. During the Revolution a number of British officers stopped at Melwood, her plan-

GEORGE DIGGES

tation, and imperatively ordered that dinner be at once prepared for them. When the meal was announced, the officer in charge sent for Mrs. Digges, requesting that she preside at the table. Lady born as she was, Mrs. Digges responded to the summons by her appearance, but haughtily declined the would-be hospitality of her self-constituted entertainers with the speech, "I can neither eat nor drink with the enemies of my country," after which with forced graciousness she swept from the room. The redcoats, so charmed with her words and action, rose to a man to toast her as "a valiant and patriotic lady."

In the year 1851, there being no English heirs to the estate of Sir Dudley Digges, the American branch of the family made an effort to gain possession of Chilham Castle and its lands, and then it was that the Digges of Maryland were granted the prior title under the law of entail.

The road is one of many winds and bends that leads back from our busy twentieth century to the year 1792 when George Digges died. There have been wars which excelled in bitterness the grave conflict in which he bore so valiant a part. His family has scattered throughout a broad land of untold wealth; the acres of his plantation belong to those of another name; his old home

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with its spacious fireplace is no more, but to those who love and study our picturesque Colonial history, his memory is as fresh and green as the ivy which shelters from the storm the grave of this able as well as handsome old time cavalier.

ALICE DE LANCEY

MRS. RALPH IZARD



NOT many women whose lives were cast amidst the Revolutionary upheaval had more to do personally with what was going on about them than Mrs. Ralph Izard, of South Carolina, the Palmetto State.

Born Alice De Lancey, the petted daughter of Peter De Lancey, of New York, Mrs. Izard's life was one of varied experiences, reaching from the seclusion of a southern plantation to the gayety of the French Capital. Her grandfather, Etienne de Lanci, was a Huguenot noble who came to America in 1686, and from him Alice inherited her naturally proud bearing. Her girlhood was spent in the most brilliant social circles of New York, and though she possessed extraordinary beauty, it seems to have been her wonderful disposition which drew to her both the old and young.

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In 1767, Alice De Lancey became the bride of Ralph Izard, of South Carolina, whom she had met while a student at Harvard, and who was amply endowed with worldly goods and high position. The first few years of their married life were spent upon the old Izard estate in South Carolina, The Elms, where the bride at once adapted herself to a life very different from that to which she had been accustomed. Her husband being a man of great wealth, and the Izards one of the most distinguished families of the South, having emigrated to South Carolina in 1694, the young matron found for herself a ready-made position, and though existence upon a plantation might have bored to distraction many a woman raised as she had been, Alice Izard readily adapted herself to the change and found rides through her rice fields as alluring as those she had had along Maiden Lane. Knowing few idle moments, she never lacked for an interest. She it was who introduced into South Carolina the culture of silk worms, hoping thus to benefit the State, and once she undertook a thing, she struggled with it until it became a success.

The beautiful old garden at The Elms was her especial care and pride, and even in a land

ALICE DE LANCEY

of fine gardens, stood peerless with its wealth of rose trees and cape jessamine hedges and the quaint little flowers that blossomed so kindly for her year after year.

About 1769, the Izards went abroad to take up their residence for a time, the prime reason for the journey being the education of their children, though it must be admitted, Mr. Izard rather pined for a few years of life with his English friends, who were counted among the highest at the English Court. It was during this sojourn that he wrote to America from Dijon: "Politics have given me, during the course of last winter and spring, so much trouble and vexation, and so little pleasure that I am glad to get a little relief from them, by flying to a country where they are seldom or never the subject of conversation." A very few words, but the old, old cry proving the old time statesmen to have known the same trials that face the politicians of to-day.

When she was in Europe, Alice De Lancey became a queen of fashion; artists begged her to sit for them; great men besought introduction to her; high-born ladies copied her gowns and bonnets and tried in every way to imitate the soft Southern drawl that had become hers by

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adoption. Yet, through all the adulation she received, though the less level head of many of her American sisters would have been more than turned, Mrs. Izard carried herself with the same quiet dignity and unaffected manner that had been hers on the old plantation.

Upon the outbreak of the Revolution, Alice Izard was eager to return with her husband to this country, but finding this impracticable owing to the grave dangers of the voyage, was left with her children in France. Though, through her marriage, she naturally accepted very different views from her family as to the patriot cause, they being staunch Loyalists, while Mr. Izard was identified with Southern politics, Alice De Lancey was possessed of sufficient tact never to let politics interfere with the relationship. In Paris Mrs. Izard met the same social success she had known in other countries, and there, notwithstanding that she was one of the most admired among women at exclusive salons, her beautiful domestic life became of even greater note.

While she was a resident of London the beautiful portrait of her was painted by Thomas Gainsborough, R. A.

In this portrait she is simply gowned in white;



ALICE DeLANCEY
MRS. RALPH IZARD
From the Portrait by Gainsborough

ALICE DE LANCEY

the low-cut bodice is surplice fashioned and into the folds is thrust a pink rose with leaves and bud. The great loose sleeves fall from sloping shoulders, being relieved where they are thrown back, with a bit of narrow lace; the waist is outlined by a gracefully tied scarf of blue which is in happy contrast to the roses tumbling from the basket held by the delicate fingers of the left hand. The natural oval of the high-bred face is very much accentuated by the towering coiffure into which is twined a rope of pearls, the same jewels clasping the slender throat. The forehead is high; the brow raised a trifle haughtily, the eyes softly blue and full of soul, while the tiny ear set close to the head, the slim straight nose and exquisite mouth attest the faultless beauty of the young matron. Altogether, Gainsborough is at his best in this portrait, into which he has suffered no landscape background to detract. Upon the back of the canvas is inscribed: "Mrs. Alice Izard, formerly Alice De Lancey. Painted in London, by Gainsborough, in 1772."

Copley also presents this lovely woman in a portrait of herself and husband, done when they were in Rome, in 1774. By the time the artist had completed his splendid work, which is after

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the style of Reynolds, and considered one of his finest specimens, the Revolution was hovering over the Colonies, so no money could be sent Mr. Izard from his South Carolina home, and as the cost was two hundred guineas, he was forced to leave the painting with Copley; so for fifty years it remained stored away in the attic of that family. Later, she sat to Malbone for a miniature, and, though a century and more has passed since her time, it is very easy for latter-day admirers to form a clear conception of her exquisite beauty.

After Cornwallis admitted his defeat, Mrs. Izard brought her family back to America, where once more they took up their residence at The Elms, and Ralph Izard assumed an important position in the affairs of his country. From 1789 to 1795 he represented South Carolina in the United States Senate, and was held in the highest esteem by President Washington owing to his integrity and purity of character, as well as his ability as a statesman.

Not only was Alice De Lancey the possessor of a beautiful face and amiable disposition in times of success; when reverses came, as they did in the course of time, her magnificent character asserted itself, and during the long, seven years'



MR. AND MRS. RALPH IZARD

Painted by Copley in Rome in 1774

ALICE DE LANCEY

illness of her husband, she proved not only the devoted and untiring nurse, but the capable manager of all his affairs, both great and small. The supervision of an estate as large as 'The Elms' was no easy matter, yet Mrs. Izard not only undertook it, but succeeded.

By this time, the years were adding up upon her; her children were grown, with the exception of one who had died, leaving to her the entire care of two orphan grandchildren. But through all her trials she was ever cheerful, caring for her husband with fondest affection; finding time each day to read to him; attending faithfully to all his correspondence, a perfect woman at home and full of charity abroad. In the death of her husband, in 1804, she felt that the last link that bound her to this world had been broken, and yet she lived on without a murmur of rebellion. She was pious, but her piety was of the cheerful kind; she was resigned when troubles fell upon her, and she knew many. In all her beautiful life Alice De Lancey was a most superior woman, and when, at the age of eighty-seven, she was called to the greater life, she left behind an impress that will live on through the centuries. She left unlimited memories to answer for the goodness of her life, and

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as one gives a last glance at the time-coated portrait made when she was so young and fair, there is a throbbing wish that she might step from the tarnished frame to tell this unenlightened generation the true secret of how to live.

BENJAMIN THOMPSON

COUNT RUMFORD



UT for a bit of petty jealousy, which was as unexpected as it was unfair, another name might have stood high enrolled among the valiant men of our Revolution, and as small happenings have often changed the tide of war so have men's lives been directed from their natural courses by veritable straws.

To-day the name of Benjamin Thompson has no place in the historic annals of America, yet, but for one apparently trifling circumstance, the chances are that no man would have borne a braver, fairer record in the war of '76 than this New England boy.

Born in Woburn, Massachusetts, March 26th, 1753, Benjamin Thompson boasted only a public school education, but even in the scant learning that in this way came to him, showed such a remarkable aptitude for mathematics that

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when he was fifteen years old he could calculate an eclipse. The boy was not one of ordinary clay, and in him was the fire of ambition that could never smoulder though it was only through his own arduous efforts that it could be made to flame. Bit by bit he gained his knowledge, working between the times of study in order to meet expenses, his occupations covering the field from dry goods clerk to schoolmaster, and it was in Rumford (now Concord), New Hampshire, that he first taught.

The undeniable ability and application of the young New Englander caught the attention of Governor Wentworth, and when the latter was looking for officers to command the New Hampshire regiments, he honored Thompson with the commission of major, a circumstance insignificant in itself, yet one which changed the entire current of the young man's life. Being less than twenty-one, Major Thompson was violently opposed by his officers as well as men, the majority of whom were older than himself; in fact, so great was their enmity, that after heaping insult after insult upon him, they threatened to tar and feather him upon the flimsy pretext of his having Tory inclinations. Faced with such malicious unpopularity, the youthful major left

BENJAMIN THOMPSON

New Hampshire in 1774, though in doing so he was forced to leave the wife he had married three years before and their one child. Going to Boston, Benjamin Thompson at once associated himself with General Gage, and General Washington, having met and appreciated the military genius of the man, was on the point of commissioning him in the artillery when again the enmity of the New Hampshire officers asserted itself. This time their bitterness resulted in the public trial of the unfortunate man, which took place in Woburn in 1775, and in that trial Thompson was neither acquitted nor condemned.

How keenly this patriot born must have resented the gross injustice done him by the country he would have served so well! Nor can one sit in judgment upon him for converting his entire property into money and leaving America, even his family, to make a name for himself abroad. This move, which was made in October, 1775, seems to have been a final separation between Benjamin Thompson and his wife, born Sarah Walker, though she was Mrs. Rolfe when he married her, a woman of some means; but later in his life we hear of his love for his daughter. Going to Canada, the self-exile found recognition, and was granted many honors, being

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even made secretary of that Colony. Not until 1781 did Thompson return to America, and then it was to raise in New York a regiment known as the King's American Dragoons, of which he became lieutenant-colonel. With this grave step, the connection between Benjamin Thompson and his country was severed forever, so, when the Revolution was over he went at once to Europe from where he never returned, and where great honors were heaped upon him. He was then twenty-eight, and so impressed Lord Germaine, to whom he had borne despatches, with his intellect, his graceful bearing and knowledge of American affairs, that the nobleman at once became his devoted friend and advanced him, in less than three years, to the position of Under Secretary of State. A Tory refugee, who had gone from Salem, Massachusetts, to London, gives in his journal an interesting paragraph in regard to Benjamin Thompson. "This young man, when a shop lad to my next door neighbor, ever appeared active, good natured and sensible; by a strange concurrence of events, he is now the Under Secretary of State to Lord George Germaine. His income arising from this source is, I am told, near 7000 Pounds a year."

Benjamin Thompson, the New England born

BENJAMIN THOMPSON

youth, became a hero in the war between Austria and Turkey, distinguishing himself for his military science at Bavaria, Vienna and Munich. In the beautiful English garden established by him in the latter city, there stands a monument erected in his honor, upon which is the inscription:

“To him who rooted out the greatest of public evils,
Idleness and Mendicity, relieved and instructed
the poor, and founded many institutions for
the education of youth.
Go, Wanderer, and strive to equal him in genius
and activity, and us in gratitude.”

This soldier of fortune, who had been knighted by King George III, received every attention at the exclusive Viennese court and became a power in Bavaria, where, in just fifteen years from the time he had peddled in the streets of Boston wood cut with his own hands, he became privy counsellor to the Elector, and was made Count of the Holy Roman Empire.

In 1790 this American had become so renowned as an exponent of domestic economy and army reform that he was made Count of the Holy Roman Empire, and thus it is that he has since been known as Count Rumford. Was it

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a trick of pride, of native love or of revenge fulfilled that persuaded Sir Benjamin Thompson to take the name of his American home when he was knighted? Whatever may have been the cause, Count Rumford to-day stands as the most prominent name the New Hampshire town has ever had; a citizen it might have held to its everlasting fame.

Sir Benjamin Thompson was both farmer and inventor; he was as thoroughly schooled in all the social graces as he was in military art and science. He proved beyond question his statesmanship when he saved Munich from falling into the hands of the Allied Armies; he showed his philanthropy when he banished beggary from Bavaria by simple social schemes, and his name as a scientist was established when he first discovered heat as a mode of motion. But apart from all else, Count Rumford's name would have been destined to live as the founder of the Royal Institution of Great Britain.

Gibbon, the historian, to whom Thompson, or rather Rumford, was personally known, spoke of him as "Secretary, Colonel, Admiral and Philosopher Thompson." Another chronicler describes him thus: "Strikingly handsome, with bright blue eyes, dark auburn hair, nearly six



BENJAMIN THOMPSON
COUNT RUMFORD

From the Portrait by Gainsborough

*I have herewith set my hand
and seal at Munich this fifteenth
day of February in the year one
Thousand Seven hundred and Ninety*

Rumford.



BENJAMIN THOMPSON

feet in height, athletic, a graceful horseman, a skillful swordsman, spoke French and German, thus possessing all the advantages of a veritable Admirable Crichton."

Of the physical strength and beauty of this remarkable man we may judge from a portrait by Thomas Gainsborough; a portrait which in itself has an interesting history, parts of which will doubtless never be known. This is said to be the only picture of a distinguished American ever painted by that renowned artist, and is, therefore, quite unique as well as a brilliant example of Gainsborough's best style. When he sat for this portrait, Count Rumford was about thirty, with a face without lines yet full of intelligence. The nose is slender and just a bit aquiline, his eyes splendid and his mouth clear cut and decisive. He is in Court dress, and the auburn hair of which one of his admirers wrote is hidden beneath the white periwig, and the superb ease with which his head is held bespeaks the self-possession of the adopted count.

In 1804 Count Rumford again married, this time the daughter of M. Lavoisier, the eminent chemist of France, whose salon was the last of the eighteenth century in Paris, and was frequented by Laplace, Guizot, Cuvier, Lagrange,

OLD TIME BELLES AND CAVALIERS

and Arago. This union, however, was never happy, and resulted in a separation, after which Benjamin Thompson moved to Auteuil, where he resided with his daughter. Count Rumford always meant to return to the United States to end his days, and had selected Cambridge, Massachusetts, for his home. In order to encourage him in this idea President John Adams sent him this communication: "We have made provisions for the institution of a military academy, and I wish to commit its formation to your experience and its future government to your care. In addition, I am authorized to offer you the appointment of Inspector-General of Artillery." What a satisfaction this message must have been to the expatriate, though he never accepted the honors his native country held out to him, but lived on in France. This man, of whom Cuvier said, "Rumford lavished his own money to teach others how to save theirs," was buried in the old cemetery at Autueil, where he rests in a little corner near the south wall, and his tomb is now a place of pilgrimage to Americans, who lift their hats in patriotic respect for their self-exiled countryman.

It was on the twenty-first day of August, in 1814, that Sir Benjamin Thompson died. To

BENJAMIN THOMPSON

the American Academy of Art he had given five thousand dollars, to the Royal Society of London the same amount, and in both instances the gifts were to found prizes bearing his name, which were to be awarded for the most important discoveries affecting light and heat. Curiously enough, he was the first winner of his own gift. In his will Harvard was left a sum which founded the Rumford professorship in 1816.

What a keen satisfaction it must have been to this man who, by his determined efforts, had made of himself a brilliant linguist, dashing soldier, Colonial statesman, and scientific inventor, to shower such munificence upon the country which had turned him adrift! And if there is any satisfaction in the laws of compensation, surely this American born man who became a foreign nobleman must have been compensated. But how much more proud could our country have been had Benjamin Thompson been allowed to remain to the last her devoted son, and what a commentary it is upon the men who so selfishly and cruelly shattered his patriotic ambition that of them all the world to-day knows not even one name!

JOHN MACPHERSON



HE years that have come between this and the period of the Colonies have naturally invested those far-away days with the coloring of poesy, and the novelist who seeks his mate-

rial in the romance of American history would find ample to repay him by studying the life of John Macpherson, whose beautiful vigor and undaunted heroism would afford a superb central figure for a romance, whether it be tragic or sentimental.

To thoroughly understand the character of this splendid soldier, one must go back of him for a glimpse of his parents. His father, Captain John Macpherson, one of the wealthiest and most notable men of Pennsylvania, was also one of the bravest of his time. While he inherited some money, it was by his own work that he added greatly to his fortune, and he it was who founded the famous estate of Mount Pleasant.

JOHN MACPHERSON

John Adams, who visited Mount Pleasant in 1775, wrote of his host: "His seat is upon the banks of the Schuylkill. He has been nine times wounded in battle; is an old sea commander, made a fortune by privateering, had an arm twice shot off, and was shot through the leg." It may be seen from Mr. Adams' description that the old captain was a bit out of the ordinary, and one glance into the pages of the first Directory of Philadelphia, published by him and said to be the most literal book ever brought out, surely proves this.

In this curious volume, under the letter "I" may be read: "I won't tell you," just as the answer was made to the canvasser; under "C" one will find "Cross woman," while "W" is rich in "What you please."

When we also learn that Margaret Rodgers, the wife of Captain Macpherson and mother of the younger John, was an exceptionally fine woman, of Scotch-Irish extraction, we find but little to wonder at in the career of the son.

At Mount Pleasant, in 1754, John Macpherson was born. Being the eldest son, every possible advantage was given him by his parents, and he was accordingly carefully educated, first by a tutor and then at Princeton, which college

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he left about 1772. Following this, he went to England to be fitted for the legal profession, and in a letter written to his friend, William Patterson, from London, gives an excellent insight into the life of a student.

This letter bears the date of September 30th, 1771, and in it he writes: "I shall attempt no discussion of London, as you must have seen better accounts of it than I am able to give; but will give you a little Idea of the Temple which is a collection of houses owned by different men. Every student hires his chambers at the best rate he can, and is under no control at all, either as to study or behaviour. The gate is always open & we carry our keys in our pockets. Those who are admitted in any of the Societies of the Inns of Court are obliged to dine so many times every term, for 3 years, in the hall, if they mean to be called to the bar, & this is the only restraint the Templars are laid under."

Unfortunately, the hopes of the father for this promising young man were never realized, for, when the Revolution faced America, John Macpherson, Junior, was one of the first to volunteer, and, pitiably enough, was one of the first to fall. Though then but an inexperienced lad of twenty-one, his services were so important, his bravery



MAJOR JOHN MACPHERSON

At the age of 19



The Macpherson Arms

JOHN MACPHERSON

so intrepid, that he soon rose to be major in the Continental forces and was made aide-de-camp to General Montgomery.

But for some of the unfathomable reasons of fate, this life which blossomed so brilliantly was doomed to meet an early and tragic end. The night before the storming of Quebec, in 1775, some weird instinct seems to have warned the young officer of the fatality that lay before him, and in fancy we can almost see him sitting in the cheerless camp over which the pall of silence rested, and writing to his father the letter that was to be delivered only in case he fell. Six months later, this pathetically beautiful letter was sent to Captain Macpherson by General Schuyler, who broke to the old father the heaviness of the blow which had befallen him. "Permit me, sir," General Schuyler's note reads, "to mingle my tears with yours for the loss we have sustained—you, as a father, I, as a friend. My dear young friend fell by the side of his General as much lamented as he was beloved; and that I assure you, sir, was in an eminent degree. This, and his falling like a hero, will console in some measure a father who gave him the example of bravery, which the son in a short military career improved to advantage.

OLD TIME BELLES AND CAVALIERS

“General Montgomery and his corpse were both interred by General Carleton with military honors.

“Your most obedient and humble servant,

“PH. SCHUYLER.

“Albany, June 24th, 1776.”

We turn from the general's letter to the pit-eous leave-taking of the son from his father, and the glorious sacrifice of the boy for his country is almost lost sight of in reading the hurried words; and if our eyes grow dim at the pity of it and stray tears blot for a moment the yellowed pages, who could blame us for the regretful thoughts that burn into our minds? The boy died a hero. If he had lived, perhaps—but sur-mises are futile and this letter lives to tell of the great heart that beat within him.

“MY DEAR FATHER:

“If you receive this it will be the last this hand shall ever write you. Orders are given for a general storm on Quebec this night, and Heaven only knows what will be my fate. But whatever it may be, I can not resist the inclination I feel to assure you that I experience no reluctance in this cause to venture a life which I

JOHN MACPHERSON

consider is only but to be used when my country demands it. In moments like these such an assertion will not be considered a boast by anyone, by my father I am sure it can not. It is needless to tell that my prayers are for the happiness of the family and its preservation in this general confusion. Should Providence in its wisdom call me from rendering the little assistance I might to my country, I could wish my brother did not continue in the service of her enemies.

“That the all-gracious Disposer of human events may shower on you, my mother, brothers, and sisters, every blessing our nature can receive is, and will be to the last moment of my life, the sincere prayer of your dutiful and affectionate son,

“JOHN MACPHERSON.

“Headquarters before Quebec,

“30th Dec. 1775.”

The brother referred to was William Macpherson, then an officer in the Sixteenth Regiment of the English Army, who, upon learning what his brother wished, resigned his commission, and afterwards, under General Lafayette, served his own country with distinction.

OLD TIME BELLES AND CAVALIERS

In the home of one of Captain Macpherson's descendants, there hangs in an honored place, a superb portrait of Major John Macpherson, for which he sat when he was just nineteen. The face is one of unquestioned attraction, well worthy of a part in history or romance. The eyes are deep set, perhaps a bit melancholy as if back of them were the realization of how soon they were to close; the brow is clear, the forehead intellectual, the chin firm, while the well-moulded mouth and clear-cut nose lend to the hero a manly beauty. The hair is powdered and worn in a queue and the Continental uniform he wears is set off to perfection by his soldierly bearing. Curiously enough, the artist in his fancy brought the figure out vigorously from a dim background and shadowy trees, with, back of all, the dying sun. There is as much promise in the face as there was in the life, and had he lived John Macpherson would undoubtedly have added another valiant commander to those of the Revolution.

He responded to the call of his country to meet the death of a hero, and sleeps for all time near the very spot upon which he fell; nor can we do better in closing the page of this valiant life than by borrowing the words of Bancroft,

JOHN MACPHERSON

who wrote of him as “a youth as spotless as the new fallen snow, which was his winding sheet; full of genius for war, lovely in temper, honored by the affection and confidence of his chief, dear to the Army, leaving not his like behind him.”

SARAH VAN BRUGH LIVINGSTON

MRS. JOHN JAY



RS. John Jay was so wise a woman that her pretty head was not turned by compliments, even so great as to have the audience of a French theatre rise en masse upon her entrance, mistaking the wife of the American diplomat for their beautiful queen, Marie Antoinette."

Thus one writer introduces us to the wife of one of the most distinguished statesmen of the trying period that followed naturally in the wake of the Revolution. Sarah Van Brugh Livingston, the daughter of Governor Livingston of New York, was named in honor of her father's grandmother, by whom she had been reared. In accordance with the high position of her family, she was very carefully educated and shielded from the trials and troubles that come so often in the young lives of many less fortu-



SARAH VAN BRUGH LIVINGSTON
MRS. JOHN JAY

From the Portrait by R. E. Pine

SARAH VAN BRUGH LIVINGSTON

nate beings. From her girlhood, Sarah Livingston was noted for her great beauty which attracted to her men of senior years who found in her splendid intellect a wit and understanding that might cope with any man's.

Belle that she was, she was not long, however, in choosing her life-time partner, for she counted barely eighteen years when, on the twenty-eighth day of April, in 1774, she married John Jay, a man of brilliant promise and eleven years her senior. The first few years of Mrs. Jay's married life were spent in her father's home, as the many important public duties of her husband made it impossible for him to remain any length of time in one place, so the young wife had to be content with very short though very frequent visits from him.

But when John Jay was appointed American Minister to the Spanish Court, Mrs. Jay accompanied him, and from that time on took her place as one of the most charming and prominent women in international affairs. After their successful sojourn in Madrid, Mr. Jay was ordered to Paris, and here his wife at once became an acknowledged leader in the American colony. This was in 1782, and three years later, in 1785, Miss Adams wrote from the French city:

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“Every person who knew her when here bestows many encomiums on Mrs. Jay: Madame de Lafayette says she was well acquainted with her, and very fond of her, adding that Mrs. Jay and she thought alike, that pleasure might be found abroad, but happiness only at home, in the society of one’s family and friends.”

After her return to America, Mrs. Jay’s position was second only in importance to that of “Lady Washington”; with her perfect beauty, her gracious bearing and unspoiled nature, with her tactful ability and unerring social judgment, she might well have been called a peerless leader.

What a glorious day it was when women ruled as they always should by virtue of their womanliness! they graced so faultlessly the homes of their distinguished husbands, content to let them have first place in the world of work and politics. Happy in merging her identity in that of her statesman husband, Sarah Van Brugh Livingston lived a life more worthy of emulation than envy. Born to the manor, bred to the purple, she never forgot that she was just a woman; “with her father’s stern patriotism, she blended features of gentleness, grace and beauty peculiarly her own,” so it is readily appreciated that she was a well-chosen helpmate for the man of



PHILIP LIVINGSTON



The Livingston Arms

SARAH VAN BRUGH LIVINGSTON

whom Daniel Webster says: "When the spotless ermine of the judicial robe fell on John Jay, it touched nothing less spotless than itself."

For those who may doubt the word-painted beauty of this grande dame of the early Republic, there are portraits left as proof. The earliest shows us Sarah Livingston of seventeen summers and as exquisite a bit of girlhood as the most critical could desire. Pine, the creator of this delightful canvas, portrays her in a quaint mull frock puffed in the sleeves and frilled about the neck with an entire absence of lace or other trimming. A loose scarf is wound about the half-length figure and a floppy leghorn hat tied under the chin with the same soft stuff shows to perfection the dainty face beneath. The brown hair with gold lights is worn short and falls in loose curls over both shoulders and brow; the eyes are dreamy and set off by long lashes; the nose is faultlessly classic, the lips full and rich, while in the chin one sees a firmness of character the rest of the girlish feature might appear to lack. Altogether, this profile portrait may be counted one of the most attractive in subject and pose of any done in the late eighteenth century.

After she became Mrs. John Jay, Daniel

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Huntington painted a miniature of her from which a portrait was copied. The latter shows the young matron of the world, dressed in the height of fashion but with the same unaffected beauty of the winsome girl. At the time of this picture, Mrs. Jay must have been at her greatest loveliness. Her brown hair, which grows beautifully around her forehead, is dressed high on the head and low on the neck, with a wreath of tiny roses just back of the pompadour. The beauty of the face speaks for the character of the woman, while the satin gown with its rose quillings of lace and pointed bodice displays to advantage the superb neck; two pink rosebuds nestle in the lace and below them is tied a soft ribbon bow. Surely no one need wonder that she was taken for the French queen, for Elizabeth Jay's beauty equalled if not excelled that of poor Marie Antoinette.



SARAH VAN BRUGH LIVINGSTON
MRS. JOHN JAY
From the Miniature by Huntington

PEGGY CHEW

MRS. JOHN EAGER HOWARD



HAT a horde of romantic associations cling to the name of Peggy Chew! Her life was one of untold interest, gay yet deep, filled with the froth, but admitting the kernel of sincere sentiment and attachment.

Margaret Oswald Chew, better known as Peggy, was the daughter of Judge Benjamin Chew, and was born in 1759.

One of four lovely sisters, pretty Peggy's child life opened the way for her place in the great world which she entered to become at once its queen. As the Mischianza will be irrevocably associated with Sir William Howe's occupancy of Philadelphia, in 1778, so will the name of Peggy Chew always be interwoven with the history of that famous entertainment, for she it was who claimed as knight John André, whose artistic insight arranged the wonderful fête.

OLD TIME BELLES AND CAVALIERS

In the story of this spectacular affair written by André, we pause at the entry:

“Third knight, Captain André, in honor of Miss P. Chew—Squire, Lieutenant André.

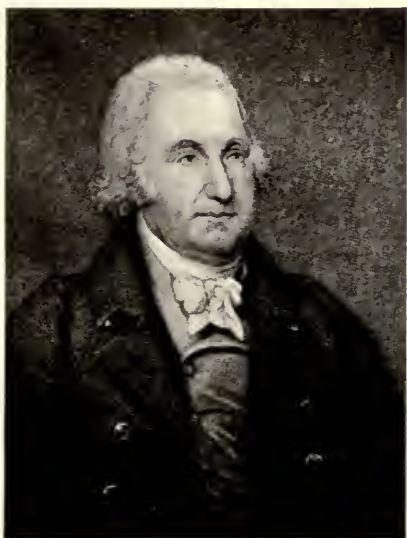
“Device, two game-cocks fighting; motto—
‘no rival.’”

André himself designed not only the costumes, but the tickets, and treasured among some historic papers are his drawings for both. A contemporary and friend of John André's leaves some doubt in our minds as to whether his attention to Peggy Chew meant more than a passing interest. It was a great day for verse writing, and though the brilliant young officer penned many lines to fair Peggy, they may have meant only pastime and custom. Be that as it may, we like to believe the little romance was sincere; we like to think that upon his very first glimpse of Pretty Peggy in the rare old garden at Cliveden, John André's heart beat true to the words he wrote.

“The Hebrews write & those who can
Believe an apple tempted man
To touch the tree exempt;
Tho' tasted at a vast expense,
’Twas too delicious to be sure,
Not mortally to tempt.



PEGGY CHEW
MRS. JOHN EAGER HOWARD



COLONEL JOHN EAGER HOWARD

PEGGY CHEW

“ But had the tree of knowledge bloomed,
Its branches by much fruit perfumed,
As her enchants my view—
What mortal Adams taste could blame,
Who would not die to eat the same,
When gods might wish a Chew.”

This and many other poetic effusions André dedicated to Mistress Peggy along with his narrative of the *Mischianza*. Let her great-granddaughter describe this manuscript to us:

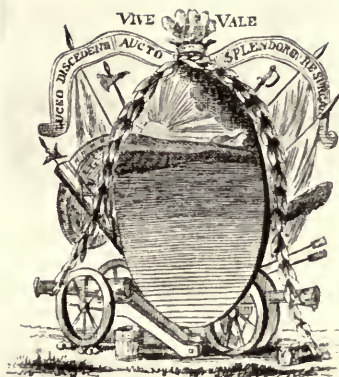
“ Faded and yellow with age, the little parchment vividly calls up before us the gallant young English officer, eager and full of keen interest, throwing himself with youthful ardor, with light-hearted seriousness, into this bit of superb frivolity. On the cover he has outlined a wreath of leaves around the initials ‘P. C.’, and he has made a water color sketch to show the design and colors of his costume as a knight of the ‘Blended Rose,’ and that of his brother, Lieutenant William Lewis André, who acted as his esquire and bore his shield, with its quaint motto, ‘No rival.’ The device, ‘Two game cocks fighting,’ must have proved too difficult to draw, for he uses in his picture that of Captain Watson—a heart and a wreath of laurel, ‘love and glory.’ ”

OLD TIME BELLES AND CAVALIERS

There is no need to dwell upon the sad ending to the little romance. André, brave, chivalrous, fascinating, young, died—disgraced in the eyes of Peggy Chew's countrymen. Great indeed, must have been the suffering of the beauty from the time that the cloud that enveloped her gay knight fell upon him, until his piteous death; for a time she admitted an intense grief, but hers was too young and bright a nature for long re-pining, and before many years had passed she was again in the whirl of the gay world she so well adorned.

“What is life, in short,” she writes, “but one continued scene of pain and pleasure varied and chequered with black spots like the chess-board, only to set the fairer ones in a purer light?” Which musing proves the fair Peggy to have been a bit of a philosopher.

Nine years after the Mischianza, Margaret Chew, at the age of twenty-eight, resigned her belleship, and in 1787 was married to Colonel John Eager Howard, of Baltimore, who distinguished himself so ably at the battle of Cowpens. Foremost among the notables who witnessed the ceremony was General Washington, who recorded in his diary of 1787: “Dined at Mrs. Chews' with the wedding guests.”



THE MISCHIANZA TICKET



MAJOR JOHN ANDRÉ

PEGGY CHEW

Colonel Howard also won honors at Germantown, and it is said that at one time he held in his hands the swords of seven English officers of the Seventy-first Regiment. After the war, he was Governor of Maryland, and being of aristocratic lineage, was a suitable mate in every way for the bride he had won.

But Pretty Peggy never seems to have quite forgotten her short-lived romance with the lamented André, and dwelt too often upon the charms of the handsome young foreigner to please her patriotic husband. She kept his drawings, his little poems and the *Mischianza* Narrative dedicated to her, near her throughout her life, and never tired of telling the later generations the story of this youthful conquest.

Margaret Howard—we know her so much better as Peggy Chew—lived to be sixty-five years of age. She saw her country pass from subjugation to independence; she knew the gayety of town life, the hardships of the camp, but through all was the blessed child of fortune whose joys far outweighed her sorrows.

To her children she was the devoted mother, to her husband untiring comfort, to her friends an inspiration and a joy. Her name, over which

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will always waft the breath of romance, will ever hold the interest of American women, among whom few will be found who do not appreciate the life history of this beautiful belle of the Mischianza.

ELIZABETH SCHUYLER

MRS. ALEXANDER HAMILTON



HERE were a number of women whose names figured conspicuously in the powerful influences during the Revolution, but there was none deserving of greater attention than

Elizabeth Schuyler. Born to the purple, so to speak, this young girl reached the estate of woman just as the war cloud broke so severely, tearing from the Colonial homes husbands, fathers, brothers, and leaving to the women the task of bearing many heavy burdens.

Elizabeth Schuyler was born at the old homestead in Albany, New York, the daughter of Philip Schuyler, one of the bravest generals of the Colonies, and his gifted wife, Katherine Van Rennselaer. From father and mother she inherited courage and ability, both of which qualities were put so genuinely to the test in the course of the war's progress. As a maiden, her

OLD TIME BELLES AND CAVALIERS

name has come down through history as a noted belle, but perhaps her life history holds best the interest by virtue of the romance that will always cling to the name of her illustrious husband, Alexander Hamilton.

When General Washington had his headquarters in Morristown, New Jersey, Mistress Betsy was prime favorite with the officers when she visited her father in camp, and here the acquaintance which soon ripened into something far deeper, began between herself and Hamilton, the youthful aide-de-camp to the Commander-in-Chief. Despite the grave times, it was a merry assemblage which witnessed the union of these two favored young people. The old Schuyler mansion was in festive attire for the pretty bride and distinguished groom; toasts were drunk by the first men of the country; dances were danced by the old as well as young, and though numerous marriages followed in the wake of this, this was the only one that took place in his family which gave sincere pleasure to General Schuyler and which he witnessed.

After the war, when the Republican court was assembled in New York, Washington chose as his secretary the brilliant, versatile, perhaps erratic, Alexander Hamilton, and Elizabeth

ELIZABETH SCHUYLER

Hamilton became one of the most prominent figures of social and official life. Modest and tactful, with beauty of feature and charm of manner, it is not remarkable that her face was frequently seen at the President's mansion almost as one of the family, while on occasions of state, she was greatly relied upon by Lady Washington.

But it was in her own home, whether as official or merely hospitable hostess, that Betsy Schuyler was at her best. When she received, her drawing-room is said to have been among the most brilliant and interesting of that period. At this time Mrs. Hamilton is spoken of by a contemporary as "A charming woman who joined to all the graces the simplicity of an American wife," which description gives an idea of what she must have been at home and abroad, in public and private life.

There is an excellent portrait of Mrs. Hamilton, painted by Ralph Earle, in 1787. The artist was then in prison for debt, and through the generous order of Mrs. Hamilton was able to clear himself and thus be released. There are others, too, but these are lost sight of once one sees the life-sized crayon sketch done by Charles Martin, in 1851, sixty-four years after Betsy Hamilton

OLD TIME BELLES AND CAVALIERS

had sat to the imprisoned artist. At this time, she was an old lady of ninety-four; her face is delicately fragile yet full of character, the lines in it appearing more of intelligence than age.

When the Capital was moved to Washington, Betsy Schuyler, with Dolly Madison, was looked upon as one of the capable leaders of the coterie which was truly called the most aristocratic, influential and interesting of young America. Gay and frivolous when society required it, gentle and domestic in her own household, silent as the sphinx upon matters of political import, this lovely daughter of General Philip Schuyler had every right to the adulation accorded her.

But as all too often comes to those who seem the least deserving, Elizabeth Hamilton was rudely awakened from her perfect happiness by the tragic event which cast a deep gloom over social and political America. When Alexander Hamilton fell on Richmond Hill that sultry July day in 1804, America lost one of her most loyal subjects, whatever may be said to the contrary by some. The country realized the loss of the great-minded, astute statesman who had been such an aid in its struggling finances, but it was left to the wife to feel the bitter separation from this most fascinating man who had been her



ELIZABETH SCHUYLER
MRS. ALEXANDER HAMILTON
From the Portrait by Ralph Earle

ELIZABETH SCHUYLER

lover, her husband, and the father of her children. The United States appreciated the power and possibilities of the statesman; Betsy Schuyler alone of all the world, knew the soul of the man. It was when this trial came upon her that the courage inherited from both her mother and father stood her in such good stead; the happiest chapter of her life had closed, and all the romance connected with the remarkable life of her husband must be forever but a vivid memory, yet she must live on. And she had much to live for; there were little children whose features now and then recalled to her their father, so after a brief period when she had been all too willing to let her life drift out with Hamilton's, she reopened the book that is made up of so many days, and she reopened it as mother and friend. As the years passed on, Mrs. Hamilton grew more interesting and more beloved, and a young woman who met her after she was four score and ten has left among her letters a description which shows how well one's attention was held by this very remarkable and delightful old lady.

"She was ninety-two years of age at this time," reads the faded writing, "and died two years after. She was a tiny little woman, most active and interesting, although she could never

OLD TIME BELLES AND CAVALIERS

have been pretty in her life. She kept me by her side, holding me by the hand, telling me of the things most interesting to me. How she knew Washington (with whom she was a great favorite), and Lafayette, who was 'a most interesting young man.' How they were often at the house of her father, General Philip Schuyler. How, when she was a child, she was free of the Washington residence, and if there was company Mrs. Washington would dress her up in something pretty and make her stay to dinner, even if she came uninvited, so that she was presentable at table. She showed me the Stuart portrait of Washington, painted for her, and for which he sat; the old Schuyler chairs and tiny mirrors; most interesting to me. This tiny dot of a woman and of such a great age, happened to think of something in her room which she wanted to show Abbie. Her daughter, Mrs. Hamilton Holley, offered to get it for her. 'Sit down, child, don't you think I can get it myself?' and up she went and got it, whatever it was."

When Betsy Schuyler died, in 1853, she had counted ninety-four years in the binding of a century. Children were left to mourn her, children who kept the name pure and lived the best of their lives in their memories of her. Young



ALEXANDER HAMILTON

At the age of 22

From the Portrait by James Peale, 1779

ELIZABETH SCHUYLER

at heart to the very last, active in mind, this gentle old lady who had been the belle of Washington's camp and captured the brightest among his satellites, slipped from earth into eternity, having filled a place and left a name that might be emulated but could scarcely be excelled.

CATHARINE ALEXANDER

LADY KITTY DUER



HAT a flavor of romance there is about the name of Lady Kitty Duer! We have read of her in old manuscripts, have gazed so long at her haughty portraits and coquettish miniatures that she almost seems a living presence, the embodiment of happiness and merriment, a true child of the gods indeed.

The mother of Lady Kitty was Sarah Livingston, a sister of the Governor of New York. Her father, William Alexander, major-general of the Continental forces, was a claimant to the Scottish earldom of Stirling, so it was through him that the little maid gained her title of "Lady." Ill-fated John André in his famous satire, "The Cow Chase," ridicules the so-called earl in the following verse:

CATHARINE ALEXANDER

“Let none uncandidly infer
That Stirling wanted spunk,
The self-made Peer had sure been there,
But that the Peer was drunk.”

Notwithstanding such little shafts of ridicule, we like to think of the gay girl as Lady Kitty; the part seems to fit so well the high-coiffed maiden of the old portrait, so, to the end of the chapter, that she shall be.

Catharine, the youngest daughter, was naturally with her mother during the greater part of the war, and divided her time between the camp and New York City. An interesting bit of history of that time is left by her in a letter written from Parsippany, where she was among the refugees in 1778: “The sentiments of a great number have undergone a thorough change since they have been with the British army; as they have many opportunities of seeing flagrant acts of injustice and cruelty of which they could not have believed their friends capable. This convinces them that if they conquer, we must live in abject slavery.”

One year after these lines were written, July 27th, 1779, Lady Kitty Alexander, the queen of fashion, was married to William Duer in the Stirling mansion, at Basking Ridge, New Jer-

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sey, then headquarters of General Greene. The most romantic temperament would have been well satisfied with this wedding which was solemnized in the midst of such grave shadows. The bride was given in marriage by no less a personage than General Washington, and during the reception which followed the ceremony the house was surrounded by a military guard, for fear the British might descend from New York. (The groom, although he wrote colonel only before his name, was fitted in every respect for his titled bride. Of noble birth, he had served as aide-de-camp to Lord Clive in India, but at the first call of America to arms, responded valiantly by rendering many services of importance; in fact, to William Duer is accredited the failure of the Conway Cabal which aimed to take from General Washington the honor of commanding the Revolutionary Army. Added to his mental attainments and physical courage, Colonel Duer was a remarkably handsome man as well as very rich, so it is not to be wondered at that he was considered the greatest catch in America or that Lady Kitty made merry at her wedding. Among the guests were numbered such distinguished families as the Stocktons, Boudinots, Southards, Kennedys, Mortons and



CATHARINE ALEXANDER
LADY KITTY DUER

CATHARINE ALEXANDER

Hatfields, while among her bridal gifts were handsome silver tokens from the Earl of Shelborne, the Duchess of Gordon, and other titled friends of her father's. When the soldiers on guard were called for a glimpse of the beautiful bride, they sent up a rousing cheer as she daintily stepped out of the house onto the terrace.

Naturally, the Duers were in very close touch with the Washingtons, and during the Presidency of the latter Lady Kitty was described as "a fine woman, though not a beauty, very sociable, and with most accomplished manners."

The Reverend Manasseh Cutler, in writing of a dinner at the Duers, says of Lady Kitty: "She performed the honors of the table most gracefully, was constantly attended by two servants in livery, and insisted on performing the whole herself." Further on the parson-statesman writes: "Colonel Duer is Secretary to the Board of Treasury, and lives in the style of a nobleman. I presume he had not less than fifteen different sorts of wine at dinner, and after the cloth was removed, besides most excellent cider, porter, and several other kinds of strong beer."

Undoubtedly, William Duer was a gentleman of dashing personality; a man of the world with both talent and wit, though it must be admitted,

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with only too often a small regard for decorum.

With the marriage of Lady Kitty, the hospitable doors of the Basking Ridge mansion closed upon the regal entertainments for which it had been so famed, for upon the death of Lord Stirling, his family were found to be almost peniless. Fortunately, this did not affect Lady Kitty, as through her husband's wealth she was enabled to continue in New York and Washington the luxurious life she had always known. But sad days were in store for Lady Kitty; through unfortunate speculations, Colonel Duer lost all his fortune, and with it went his interest in the world. He died long before Lady Kitty, who was left to develop into an unattractive old lady with withered, parchment-like skin, whose one extravagance was an occasional pinch of snuff! Poverty forced her to keep a boarding-house in order to make ends meet, and bit by bit her household treasures and wedding silver went in exchange for the dollars that were so sorely needed.

In her time of fashion, Lady Kitty Duer threw away with reckless freedom more than enough money than would have granted her a comfortable, peaceful old age.

Curiously enough, the lives of Catharine

CATHARINE ALEXANDER

Alexander and Betsy Patterson bear a great similarity, the youthful belleship of both having drifted into a middle life of hardship, to end in poverty. But it shall please us to close the last pages of Lady Kitty's book of life and dwell only upon its brilliant chapters, for, after all, it is easy to retain the happy memories and forget her less fortunate days. It was this ability which enabled Lady Kitty Duer to bear the hardships which came with old age, and during this trying period of her life she lived entirely in the brilliant past; she never tired recalling it, dwelling upon it in her thoughts or speaking of it to others, and the memories of her early happiness and grandeur must have in a great way been compensation for their aftermath.

PEGGY SHIPPEN

MRS. BENEDICT ARNOLD



THE life history of Peggy Shippen was interesting, romantic and withal pitiful enough to furnish for all time a fruitful topic of conversation in our own country and abroad. Born of the most distinguished Colonial aristocracy, blessed with beauty of face and brilliancy of mind, this favored girl chose for herself an ill-starred life to the bitter disappointment of her family and her friends.

Margaret, the youngest daughter of Edward Shippen, Chief Justice of Pennsylvania, was born in 1761. Filled with the love of life, gay in temperament, with a vivid mentality unexcelled among the younger women of that time, it is small wonder that Peggy Shippen was the toast of the British officers when they were quartered in Philadelphia. Her father was a staunch up-

PEGGY SHIPPEN

holder of American rights, but Pretty Peggy very naturally found the flattery of the redcoats most agreeable, and when the far-famed Mischianza took place, a clash seems to have come between the Colonial statesman and his fair daughter. As to who won, we cannot say, for the outcome seems to be enveloped more or less in a film of uncertainty. From one old chronicler we hear that the Shippen girls were among the most prominent at this historic fête, and John André, who played such a conspicuous part in the arrangement of the Mischianza, names them in his Narrative which appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine for August, 1778, where is written: "Lieutenant Winyard, in honor of Miss Peggy Shippen; device, a bay-leaf; motto, 'unchangeable.'" Good evidence, it would seem, that the fair Peggy was present, yet, some of her family insist that though she and her sisters had made every arrangement to go, having their costumes in the house and their names on the programme, at the last moment their father forbade them most emphatically.

Still, one likes to think of pretty Peggy at the royal fête; she was so much a part of the gayety of that period, such an ornament to Colonial society, that we can but think what

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both she and the Mischianza would have missed by her absence. Later, John André throws more light upon the subject when he writes to Mistress Peggy from New York offering to do some shopping for her, the letter showing clearly the intimacy that existed between the young English officer and the daughter of the Whig Chief Justice.

“HEADQUARTERS, NEW YORK,
the 16th of August, 1779.”

“It would make me very happy to become useful to you here. You know the Mischianza made me a complete milliner. Should you not have received supplies for your fullest equipment for that department, I shall be glad to enter into the whole detail of cap-wire, needles, gauze, etc., and to the best of my ability render you in these trifles services from which I hope you would infer a zeal to be further employed. I beg you would present my best respects to your sisters, to the Miss Chews, and to Mrs. Shippen and Mrs. Chew.

“I have the honor to be with the greatest regard, madam, your most obedient and most humble servant,

“JOHN ANDRÉ.”



PEGGY SHIPPEN

MRS. BENEDICT ARNOLD

From the Original Drawing by Major André

PEGGY SHIPPEN

Whether Miss Peggy was present at the grand ball which followed in the wake of the Mischi-anza and was given in honor of the return of the Continental troops in Philadelphia is not known, but that she was very much *en evidence* when General Benedict Arnold entertained both Whig and Tory ladies, more than one faded old letter proves. At this dance, the attentions of the host to Margaret Shippen were so pronounced as to shortly afterwards bring from Mrs. Robert Morris the following note: "I must tell you that Cupid has given our little General a more mortal wound than all the hosts of Britons could, unless his present conduct can expiate for his past. Miss Peggy Shippen is the fair one."

Though thirty-six years of age, more than twice her senior, and a widower, Benedict Arnold caught and held the fancy of this brilliant young girl, and in connection with his courtship is accused of presenting to Miss Shippen the same love letter with a change of name that had previously been written to another. This letter, unique in history as well as epistolary art, reads:

"DEAR MADAM:—

"Twenty times have I taken up my pen to write to you, and as often has my trembling hand

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refused to obey the dictates of my heart—a heart which, though calm and serene amidst the clashing of arms and all the din and horrors of war, trembles with diffidence and the fear of giving offence when it attempts to address you on a subject so important to its happiness. Dear Madam, your charms have lighted up a flame in my bosom which can never be extinguished; your heavenly image is too deeply impressed ever to be effaced.

“My passion is not founded on personal charms only: that sweetness of disposition and goodness of heart, that sentiment and sensibility which so strongly mark the character of the lovely Miss P. Shippen, renders her amiable beyond expression, and will ever retain the heart she has once captivated. On you alone my happiness depends, and will you doom me to languish in despair? Shall I expect no return to the most sincere, ardent and disinterested passion? Do you feel no pity in your gentle bosom for the man who would die to make you happy? May I presume to hope that it is not impossible I may make a favorable impression on your heart? Friendship and esteem you acknowledge. Dear Peggy, suffer that heavenly bosom (which can not know itself the cause of pain without a

PEGGY SHIPPEN

sympathetic pang) to expand with a sensation more soft, more tender than friendship. A union of hearts is undoubtedly necessary to happiness; but give me leave to observe that true and permanent happiness is seldom the effect of an alliance founded on a romantic passion; where fancy governs more than judgment. Friendship and esteem, founded on the merit of the object, is the most certain basis to build a lasting happiness upon; and when there is a tender and ardent passion on one side, and friendship and esteem on the other, the heart (unlike yours) must be callous to every tender sentiment if the taper of love is not lighted up at the flame.

“I am sensible your prudence and the affection you bear your aimiable and tender parents forbids your giving encouragement to the addresses of any one without their approbation. Pardon me, Dear Madam, for disclosing a passion I could no longer confine in my tortured bosom. I have presumed to write to your Papa, and have requested his sanction to my addresses. Suffer me to hope for your approbation. Consider before you doom me to misery, which I have not deserved but by loving you too extravagantly. Consult your own happiness, and if incompatible, forget there is so unhappy a wretch;

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for may I perish if I would give you one moment's inquietude to purchase the greatest possible felicity to myself. Whatever my fate may be, my most ardent wish is for your happiness, and my latest breath will be to implore the blessing of heaven on the idol and only wish of my soul.

“Adieu, dear Madame, and believe me unalterably, your sincere admirer and devoted humble servant,

“B. ARNOLD.

“Sept. 25, 1778.

“Miss Peggy Shippen.”

Poor little Peggy! She married her commanding soldier on the eighteenth day of April, in 1779, and from that time on was involved in intrigues which, from constant fear and dread, must have faded the roses in her cheeks. First, it was the correspondence between Arnold and André into which she was mercilessly drawn; then the ignominious death of the latter which fell upon the head of her husband, all being crowned by the latter's treachery to his country.

Margaret Arnold was such a bright light in dreary camp life, such a favorite with the officers, that General Washington upon one occasion when Lafayette intimated that Mrs.



BENEDICT ARNOLD

PEGGY SHIPPEN

Arnold would be waiting breakfast, responded: "Ah, you young men are all in love with Mrs. Arnold, and wish to get where she is as soon as possible. Go, breakfast with her—and do not wait for me." This was the very morning that news of André's capture reached the Commander-in-Chief and gave warning to Benedict Arnold that his day of retribution had come.

Peggy Shippen felt her first touch of personal tragedy when her husband, sending for her, confessed his wrong-doing, bade her farewell and fled to the "Vulture," which was waiting for André. From the ship he wrote to General Washington, assuring him that Mrs. Arnold was in no way implicated in his treason, and begging the Commander-in-Chief to allow her to go to her family in Philadelphia or join him as she thought best. As soon as the letter was read by Washington, he sent a message to the grief-stricken young matron, commissioning the bearer: "Go to Mrs. Arnold and tell her that though my duty required no means should be neglected to arrest General Arnold, I have great pleasure in acquainting her that he is now safe on board a British vessel."

From then on the sympathy of the world was hers. From far-away Spain, John Jay wrote: "All the world here are cursing Arnold, and

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pitying his wife"; while Robert Morris wrote feelingly: "Poor Mrs. Arnold! Was there ever such an infernal villain?"

Yet Margaret Arnold clung to the man she had chosen as husband, and though she may be censured as wrong in doing so, one can but commend the loyal heart that beat for him as faithfully in his time of trouble as it had in his days of pride. A letter from Alexander Hamilton to Betsy Schuyler, in which he writes of Mrs. Arnold, "Her horror at the guilt of the traitor is lost in her love of the man," is substantial proof of this.

Even had Peggy Shippen wanted to remain in Philadelphia with her family, that privilege would not have been allowed, for, on October 29th, 1780, the Council of Pennsylvania adopted the following resolution:

"PHILADELPHIA, Friday, Oct. 27, 1780.

"[The Counsel taking into consideration the case of Margaret Arnold (the wife of Benedict Arnold, an attainted traitor, with the enemy at New York) whose residence in this city has become dangerous to the public safety; and this board being desirous as much as possible, to prevent any correspondence and intercourse being carried on with persons of disaffected character

PEGGY SHIPPEN

in this State and the enemy at New York, and especially with the said Benedict Arnold, therefore *Resolved*: That the said Margaret Arnold depart this State within fourteen days from the date hereof, and that she do not return again during the continuance of the present war."

For a time the expatriates lived at St. Johns, New Brunswick, where Mrs. Arnold at once assumed a position of prominence owing to her beauty of face and charm of manner. Their residence there, however, was of short duration, for in December, 1781, they moved to London, and Tarleton, meeting her in the latter place said: "She was the handsomest woman in England."

Queen Charlotte became so interested in the beautiful young American matron that she commanded the court ladies to pay great attention to her and was instrumental in gaining for her a pension of five hundred pounds a year from Great Britain.

Never was there a more affectionate family than the Benedict Arnolds. To Peggy Shippen, the man we brand as traitor was ever a hero, and she wrote to her father: "General Arnold's affection for me is unbounded, he is the best of

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husbands.” And if she was a perfect wife in her trust and loyalty, she was an ideal mother to her five children, four of whom were pensioned four hundred pounds sterling, paid by sign manual of the English king at the treasury, while the other was commissioned brigadier-general of an Indian command. Of these children, we read: “The sons of Margaret Shippen could not be other than gentlemen, and her daughter a gentle woman.”

As Peggy Shippen, this most unfortunate among women had tasted of life's brightest promise; as Margaret Arnold, she drank to the dregs its cup of tragedy, all of which we choose to forget, preferring to remember this darling of her family circle, the light-hearted little belle of the Mischianza who played lightly with the hearts of men, yet never did a real wrong to any living being. This devoted wife and untiring mother, the dignified and gentle matron who bore so bravely the greatest of trials, was forty-three only when death called her to eternal rest on the twenty-fourth day of August, 1804.

Perhaps life's bitter experience had shortened the natural term of this beautiful, graceful, and magnetic woman, whose later years seem to have been lost beneath the kindly veil of obscurity.

ANNE WILLING

MRS. WILLIAM BINGHAM



AMONG the womanly names that have lived through the centuries since social and political America became a power, that of beautiful Anne Willing, the daughter of Thomas Willing, of Philadelphia, admits no rival.

On the twenty-sixth day of October, in the year 1780, when this slip of a girl was but sixteen, she was married to William Bingham, the richest man in Pennsylvania, who counted among his possessions two hundred thousand acres in one State alone. Thus it came to pass that the little beauty whose birth and rearing so well qualified her for the position, became a power in the social history of two countries. About the time of Anne Willing's marriage, we read that "Her beauty was splendid. Her figure, which was somewhat above the middle size, was well made. Her carriage was light and elegant, while

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ever marked by dignity and air. Her manners were a gift." Between the lines of this brief description one can easily appreciate what an extraordinarily gifted woman the young wife of William Bingham was.

In 1784, Mrs. Bingham accompanied her husband to Europe, where she was at once presented at the Court of Louis XIV, and attracted such unlimited attention that from then on her place in the highest circles of French society was assured. At a dinner given by Lafayette, in Paris, Mrs. Bingham is described as wearing a gown "of black velvet with pink satin sleeves and stomacher, a pink satin petticoat, and over it a skirt of white crape, spotted all over with grey fur—the sides of the gown open in front, and the bottom of the coat trimmed with paste. It was superb and the gracefulness of the person made it appear to peculiar advantage." We can hardly agree with the last assertion of the writer, and studying the beautiful portraits Gilbert Stuart made of her, it seems as if such unnecessary adornment were superfluous, her beauty being sufficient in itself. The artist eye of Stuart appreciated this when he pictured her once in a simply draped gown of shimmering satin and faint coloring. In this portrait Stuart has



ANNE WILLING
MRS. WILLIAM BINGHAM

From the Engraving after Gilbert Stuart's Portrait

ANNE WILLING

given Mrs. Bingham as a background the draped curtain he loved so well, and seated her in a brocade chair, with one exquisite arm resting easily upon a table while the tapering fingers of the other hand hold carelessly a little volume which might be poems, or is, more likely, her social register.

It was during the first visit abroad made by the Bingham that they studied the various types of architecture as possible models for the mansion they contemplated building in Philadelphia. Mrs. Bingham was so impressed with Manchester House, London, that she had her plans drawn from it, though, in reality, the house she erected on Third Street was much grander. In this superb home Anne Willing shone her brightest, though she was also mistress of the beautiful country mansion Lansdowne, once the home of William Penn. The intimate of America's most influential men, the wife of an eminent statesman, with youth, beauty, rank and apparently boundless wealth at her command, Mrs. William Bingham was as unquestionably as she was rightly, the leader of American society.

Her time was divided between her town residence, her country seat, New York and Paris, though she always admitted a penchant for the

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latter city, her fondness for the life of the French Capital being the subject of a letter to her from Thomas Jefferson, written while he was Minister to France.

“ *To Mrs. Bingham*——

“ PARIS, February 7th, 1787.

“ I know, Madam, that the twelvemonth is not yet expired; but it will be, nearly, before this will have the honor of being put into your hands. You are then engaged to tell me, truly and honestly, whether you do not find the tranquil pleasures of America preferable to the empty bustle of Paris. For to what does the bustle tend? At eleven o'clock it is day, *chez madame*. The curtains are drawn. Propped on bolsters and pillows, and her head scratched into a little order, the bulletins of the sick are read and the billets of the well. She writes to some of her acquaintances, and receives the visits of others. If the morning is not very thronged, she is able to get out and hobble around the cage of the Palais Royal; but she must hobble quickly, for the Coiffeur's turn is come; and a tremendous turn it is! Happy if he does not make her arrive when dinner is half over. The torpitude of digestion a little passed, she flutters for half



WILLIAM BINGHAM

ANNE WILLING

an hour through the streets, by way of paying visits, and then to the spectacles. These finished, another half hour is devoted to dodging in and out of the doors of her very sincere friends, and away to supper. After supper, cards, bed—to rise at noon the next day and to tread like a mill horse, the same trodden circle over again. Thus the days of life are consumed, one by one, without an object beyond the present moment; ever flying from the ennui of that, yet carrying it with us; eternally in pursuit of happiness, which keeps eternally before us. If death or bankruptcy happen to trip us out of the circle, it is matter for the buzz of the evening, and is completely forgotten by the next morning. In America, on the other hand, the society of your husband, the fond cares for the children, the arrangements of the house, the improvements of the grounds, fill every moment with a useful and healthy activity. Every exertion is encouraging, because to present amusement it joins the promise of some future good. The intervals of leisure are filled by the society of real friends, whose affections are not thinned to cobweb, by being spread over a thousand objects. This is the picture, in the light it is presented to my mind; now let me have it in yours. If we do not con-

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cur this year, we shall the next; or if not then, in a year or two more. You see I am determined not to suppose myself mistaken.

* * * * *

“I shall end where I began, like a Paris day, reminding you of your engagement to write me a letter of respectable length, an engagement the more precious to me, as it has furnished me the occasion after presenting my respects to Mr. Bingham, of assuring you of the sincerity of those sentiments of esteem and respect with which I have the honor to be, Dear Madam, your most obedient and most humble servant,

“TH. JEFFERSON.”

That Jefferson was right in thinking Mrs. Bingham too fond of Paris, Mrs. John Adams, who first met her abroad, agrees when she writes: “I have not seen a lady in England who can bear a comparison with Mrs. Bingham. Amongst the most celebrated of their beauties stands the Duchess of Devonshire, who is masculine in her appearance, Lady Salisbury is small and genteel, but her complexion is bad: and Lady Talbot is not a Mrs. Bingham, who, taken altogether, is the finest woman I ever saw. The intelligence of her countenance, or rather, I ought to say,

ANNE WILLING

animation, the elegance of her form, and the affability of her manners, convert you into admiration; and one has only to lament too much dissipation and frivolity of amusement, which have weaned her from her native country, and given her a passion and thirst after all the luxuries of Europe."

In the Bingham drawing-room, whether it were at home or abroad, such guests assembled as the Jays, Jeffersons, Mateiro, Viscomte de Noailles, Talleyrand, Duc de Liancourt, Volney, the Hamiltons, Adams, and others of equal renown. In town and at her beautiful country seat, Mrs. Bingham held a court worthy of any princess; her life was one unceasing procession of joys and pleasures, with never a worldly wish ungratified. The queen of social America, as well as of her family, Anne Willing was both envied and emulated, for the society of two continents followed her in everything. Abigail Adams wrote of her: "Mrs. Bingham gains my love and admiration more every time I see her; she is possessed of greater ease and politeness in her behaviour than any person I have met."

The remarkable wit and beauty of the five Willing sisters travelled to both England and France, and it was while an exile from the lat-

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ter country that Louis Philippe is said to have paid ardent court to Elizabeth, who haughtily refused his offer of marriage and was wedded to Major William Jackson, aide-de-camp and private secretary to General Washington.

Her beautiful portrait by Gilbert Stuart is now the property of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia, and is reproduced by the kind permission of that institution.

There is still one more thing to tell of Mrs. William Bingham; perhaps it may be termed a criticism to admit that she was somewhat spoiled, but what petted beauty is not? yet after all, we find but one real instance recorded in which she proved this to be true, and that was when Wignell's theatre, the first playhouse in Philadelphia, refused to sell her the exclusive rights to one of their boxes. Mrs. Bingham had subscribed a large sum of money for the privilege of practically owning the box, but when this was refused, withdrew it, and pouting like a wayward child, was so obstinate as never, or at least rarely, to enter the building.

Whether the cause could be traced to the incessant whirl in which she lived cannot be said, but sadly enough and as suddenly, Anne Bingham's health failed, and she was ordered at once



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ELIZABETH WILLING

From the Portrait by Gilbert Stuart

ANNE WILLING

to Bermuda, from which island she never returned. Her family soon found that her days were numbered, perhaps that had been pre-ordained, and just twenty-one years after her marriage, May 11th, 1801, when she counted but thirty-seven years, Anne Willing closed her wonderful eyes upon the world she had so loved.

Of aristocratic Colonial ancestry, Mrs. Bingham did not depend upon mere money for her brilliant success. She was a born social leader, and under almost any conditions would have found her natural sphere.

William Bingham never recovered from the death of his adored wife, though she left children to comfort him. Of these, one daughter, Matilda, became particularly well known, first, as the wife of Comte de Tilly, and later as the Hon. Mrs. Henry Baring, her husband being the brother of Lord Ashburton, Marquis de Blaisel.

In the two families of Willing and Bingham, Anne Willing shone as the brightest star, and in all the years that have passed since she lived, her descendants claim their highest honor in shining in her reflected light.

ABIGAIL ADAMS

MRS. WILLIAM STEPHENS SMITH



HE name of Abigail Adams is naturally closely associated with those of her illustrious father and mother, who devoted themselves so assiduously to her education, and whose prominent characteristics were ably repeated in this favored daughter. Born in 1765, the mother's quaint Christian name of Abigail was given to the little girl whose life never dimmed in the slightest the lustre that adorned it when it belonged to her gifted parent. If the wedding of John Adams, third President of the United States, and Abigail Smith, was among the most interesting events of the middle eighteenth century, the birth of Abigail second marked another page in the social calendar of the country. When she was just thirteen, her father was appointed joint Commissioner to the French Court, and a few years later was sent to London as American

ABIGAIL ADAMS

ambassador; so the advantages enjoyed by the little girl were far beyond those that came to the majority of her contemporaries. A fairy godmother seemed ever present to gratify her merest whim; she was born the pet of the household to become a favorite at the Court of St. James. Princesses and ladies, princes and lords, were her intimates, yet her heart remained loyal to America, and she wisely chose from a long list of most eligible admirers Colonel William Stephens Smith, Secretary of the American Legation in England.

The fortunate bride was twenty-one years of age, the groom a bit older, and the wedding was solemnized in London at the very height of the season, June 12, 1786. It is to be regretted that no particular description of this most interesting event has been handed down to us; we know, though, that the ceremony was performed on Sunday, seemingly a curious day, and owe to the father of the bride this brief announcement which was made to his good friend, John Alsop:

“Under the sanction of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of St. Asaph, were married Mr. Smith and Miss Adams.”

The position which was made for Abigail Adams in English society by her father, was

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maintained through her husband, and if she appears at times to have been a bit spoiled she can hardly be blamed. The correspondence between her and her mother is preserved in part, and in one of her earliest letters pretty little Mrs. Smith proves herself a great respecter of her own rights when she complains of the Temples.

“Sir John Temple has taken upon himself very singular manners respecting us. It has been his constant custom to visit every stranger who came to town upon his arrival. Lady Temple called upon me at a very late date after we arrived, but Sir John has not visited Col. Smith, and says to others that he does not know in what manner to behave to him because he does not know how he took leave; whether it was a gracious audience that he met with. I returned Lady Temple’s visit by a card, without asking for her which she complains of. I respect Lady Temple, and as it is probable we shall sometimes meet at a third place, I wished to be upon civil terms with her, particularly as she has often expressed a regard for me since she has been here.”

The Temples being of New England birth like Mrs. Smith, she seems to have had just cause for her irritation at their reception of her in a foreign land. Later, however, she speaks of

ABIGAIL ADAMS

them in another letter, this time more kindly: "Yesterday we dined at Mrs. Jay's in company with the corps diplomatique. Mr. Gardoqui was as chatty and sociable as his countryman, Del Campo, Lady Temple civil, and Sir John more of the gentleman than I ever saw him. The French minister is a handsome and apparently polite man." These time-stained manuscripts show very clearly the sort of life led by the Smiths, and the distinguished circle in which they played a conspicuous part.

As a married woman, Abigail Adams clung to her girlhood friendships, and in her day of greatest triumph did not forget the hero-worship she, as a child, had given Thomas Jefferson. Among the correspondence to which allusion has just been made, one may find a letter written in 1787 from this great man to the little matron he had so often ridden upon his knee. "Mr. Jefferson has the honor to present his compliments to Mrs. Smith and to send her the two pair of corsets she desired. He wishes they may be suitable, as Mrs. Smith omitted to send her measure. Times are altered since Mademoiselle de Sanson had the pleasure of knowing her; should they be too small, however, she will be so good as to lay them by for a while. There are

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ebbs as well as flows in this world. When the mountain refused to come to Mahomet, he went to the mountain. Mr. Jefferson wishes Mrs. Smith a happy New Year, and abundance of happier ones still to follow it. He begs leave to assure her of his esteem and respect, and that he shall always be happy to be rendered useful to her by being charged with her commands."

"Paris, Jan. 15, 1787."

Fancy Thomas Jefferson, the astute statesman and dignified ambassador, doing such shopping!

After their return from their brilliant stay in England, the Smiths naturally became close friends of General and Mrs. Washington, and Colonel Smith was one of the Masters of Ceremony at the first Inaugural. The life then led by the lovely young matron in the American capital equalled in brilliancy that she had known abroad. The charming "Little Miss Adams" had developed into the very delightful "Little Mrs. Smith," and it is a curious fact that wherever she went she seems to have been followed by this special adjective. Measuring about five feet one, it is not so very remarkable after all.

There is more than one likeness of Abigail Adams left to be judged by a critical public, but



ABIGAIL ADAMS
MRS. WILLIAM STEPHENS SMITH
From the Portrait by Copley

ABIGAIL ADAMS

by far the most pleasing is a copy after a portrait by Copley, the original having unfortunately been destroyed when the De Windt mansion at Fishkill on the Hudson was burned in 1862. In this effective portrait Abigail Adams is shown in a sitting posture. Her dark gown of heavy, shimmering satin is relieved with a muslin fichu, the open neck, together with the huge muff into which her arms are thrust, making the costume a trifle incongruous. Her eyes are large and lustrous, her brows well defined; her nose high bred and mouth petulant, while her natural hair, which undoubtedly was far more beautiful, was sacrificed to the fashion of the day and entirely hidden beneath a heavy, tightly-curled wig, well powdered and set off across the front with a bandeau of pearls. It is a picture unusual in costume and expression, and by Copley's greatest admirers is considered among his best.

In November, 1800, Abigail Adams received from her mother a letter which contains such an interesting description of Washington as it was in those days that it is well worth preserving. "I arrived here on Sunday last," the letter reads, "and without meeting with any accident worth noticing, except losing ourselves when we left Baltimore, and going eight or nine miles on the

OLD TIME BELLES AND CAVALIERS

Frederic road, by which means we were obliged to go the other eight through the woods, where we wandered for two hours without finding guide or path. . . . But woods are all you see from Baltimore till you reach *the city*, which is only so in name. Here and there is a small cot, without a glass window, interspersed amongst the forests, through which you travel miles without seeing any human being. In the city there are buildings enough, if they were compact and finished, to accommodate Congress and those attached to it; but as they are, and scattered as they are, I see no great comfort for them. If the twelve years in which this place has been considered as the future seat of government had been improved as they would have been in New England, very many of the present inconveniences would have been removed. It is a beautiful spot, capable of any improvement, and the more I view it the more I am delighted with it."

Abigail Adams Smith lived at the most interesting and picturesque period that America will ever know. She was successful in her family, claiming the unparalleled distinction of being the daughter of one President and the sister of another. Her life from its very beginning was one of roses and sunshine; happily married, fêted

ABIGAIL ADAMS

at home and abroad, blessed with beauty of mind and feature, Abigail Adams must have found all too short the half century of time allotted as her portion. But blessed as she was among her sister women, the shadows of time, instead of dimming her memory, have dwelt so kindly with her name that it shines for posterity as brightly as it did when she queened it right royally at the Court of "Lady Washington."

DOLLY PAYNE

MRS. JAMES MADISON



AS the career of any American woman, Colonial, Revolutionary, or of the present era, excelled or even equalled in interest that of Dolly Madison? We think not, though only the rashest of soothsayers would have been bold enough to prophesy the life of brilliant worldliness which lay before the demure little Quaker maiden who came into life so unobtrusively in North Carolina on the twentieth day of May, in 1768. Her Quaker parents, John and Mary Coles Payne, named the babe Dorothea in affection for Dorothea Spotswood, and what a satisfaction the Colonial dame would have felt had she lived to see the great success of her little namesake.

Dolly Madison was a person of many habits, and though North Carolina claimed her first breath, we are told it was by accident, for

DOLLY PAYNE

Mary Coles Payne was a Virginian of Virginians, who spent most of her life at Studley, the family country seat in Hanover County of that State. Perhaps it was her early training upon the old plantation, where excitements were rare and she was forced to satisfy her whims in simple ways, that stood Dolly Madison in such good stead in later years when sorrows came, and the retirement from public life followed upon the heels of its splendor and gayety. As a child of that particular period, Dolly Payne had no education of which to boast, but the little maid was taught other wholesome duties, and not one of all her women friends was more dainty in needle-craft, more skilled in cookery and other housewifery art, or more sincerely patient in caring for the sick. Old fashioned and boring these domestic accomplishments may appear to the belle of to-day, but they played a great part in the marvellous success of Dolly Madison's life.

It was not until 1783 that the Payne family moved to Philadelphia. Dolly was then fifteen and as winsome a bit of humanity as eyes would care to see; clearly pencilled brows and heavily fringed black lashes shaded the deep blue eyes which matched the sapphire skies of her birth

OLD TIME BELLES AND CAVALIERS

State and were to become so famous for their sparkling, roguish wit. Picture with this a wild-rose complexion and black curls that would stray bewitchingly from beneath the Quaker bonnet, and there is cause for no wonder that the youth of the brotherly town lost heads and hearts over this little Quakeress who smiled so sweetly "Thee" and "Thou." Very often little Dorothea's love of pretty clothes and gayety brought upon her severe frowns of disapproval from her more rigid sisters, who styled her a "wet Quaker," though, in truth, the child never seems to have had either the time nor the money to gratify her little whims for silver baubles and the like. The brightest bits of her youthful days were the visits to her Creighton cousins at Haddonfield, New Jersey, and though they also belonged to the Society of Friends, life at their home was infinitely broader and gayer than any the Southern maid had ever known.

It was from Haddonfield that Dolly went on her first real shopping expedition, and it was under the same broad roof that she fashioned her simple trousseau for her marriage to Friend John Todd. Whether the young girl loved her fiancé, or whether she merely acquiesced in the marriage in deference to the wish of her father,

DOLLY PAYNE

no one can say, but she kept sincerely the promises she made that seventh day of January, 1790, when she whispered to John Todd so tremblingly, "I, Dorothea Payne, do take thee, John Todd, to be my wedded husband, and promise, through divine assistance, to be unto thee a loving wife until separated by death."

That Dorothea Todd proved an excellent wife and an untiring mother for her one wayward son, Payne Todd, all social history agrees; but with the inherent gay spirit of some worldly-minded grandmother, she soon recovered from the shock of her husband's death. Though she seems to have mourned sincerely this separation just three short years after their marriage, the little widow garbed in sad drab paduasoy, with her youthful beauty, her matronly independence, and store of wit, found a fresh interest in the society of men, and it is needless to add, never lacked for attention. About this time Aaron Burr was counted one of her many admirers, and he it was who presented to her the man whose life she was so amply to fill, whose ambitions she was to assist so materially, and whose régime to decorate so marvellously well.

Yellowed with time and musty with age, a letter, upon the face of which is the date 1794,

OLD TIME BELLES AND CAVALIERS

tells to-day's curious world of the excitement awakened in the heart of the Quaker widow over the fact that she was to meet James Madison: "Dear Friend," it reads, "Thou must come to me,—Aaron Burr says that the great, little Madison has asked to be brought to see me this evening." And when he came, this quiet, unflinching man of parts, he readily gave way to the call of his heart, admitting the charming young widow the one woman of his life, and after a brief but no less commanding courtship, the whimsical, laughter loving Dolly Todd capitulated, to become Mrs. James Madison, on the fifteenth day of December, 1794.

In this second marriage, destined to be so great, so happy for her, the pleasure seeking nature of Dolly Payne found its only girlhood, for her life up to this time had been much too sombre and grey. When James Madison became Secretary of State, Mrs. Madison proved a great help to him, but it was as the wife of the fourth President of the United States that she won her international fame. Dolly Madison possessed that rare combination of gifts and graces so necessary in the making of a pre-eminent social queen; she was "the most popular person in the United States" during her hus-



DOLLY PAYNE
MRS. JAMES MADISON
From the Engraving after Gilbert Stuart's Painting



Ring Presented to Dolly Madison
by George Washington

DOLLY PAYNE

band's administration; and now, after more than one hundred years, after brilliant and beautiful women have lived and reigned and died to be forgotten, after many generations have come and gone, Dolly Madison seems still to be a beloved and living presence.

In the historic correspondence between Dr. Mitchell and his wife, a letter written in Washington says of James Madison's bride: "Mrs. Madison was Mrs. Todd. She was originally a Virginian, and her family were of the Society of Friends. She has a fine person and a most engaging countenance, which pleases, not so much from mere symmetry or complexion as from expression. Her smile, her conversation, and her manner are so engaging that it is no wonder that such a young widow, with her fine blue eyes and large share of animation, should be indeed a *queen of hearts*."

And Mrs. Seaton, who was so thoroughly familiar with the society of her period writes: "I would describe the dignified appearance of Mrs. Madison, but I can not do her justice. 'Tis not her form, 'tis not her face, it is the woman altogether whom I should wish you to see. She wears a crimson cap that almost hides the forehead but which becomes her extremely, and re-

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minds one of a crown, from its brilliant appearance, contrasted with the white satin folds and her jet black curls; but her demeanor is so far removed from the hauteur generally attending on royalty, that your fancy can carry the resemblance no further than her dress. In a conspicuous position every fault is rendered more discernible to common eyes and more liable to censure; and the same rule certainly enables every virtue to shine with more brilliancy than when confined to an inferior station in society; but I, and I am by no means singular in my opinion, believe that Mrs. Madison's conduct would be graced by propriety were she placed in the most adverse circumstances in life." In the later years of Dolly Madison's life she, in every way, lived up to Mrs. Seaton's estimate of her character.

As the wife of the President of the United States, Mrs. Madison lived in the same open-hearted, hospitable way she had always known; her life in the country at Montpelier was that of the nineteenth century housewife, for whom one hundred unexpected guests proved no terror. At the White House her bountiful table was her delight and pride, though it appears to have offended the æsthetic sense of a certain foreign



DOROTHEA SPOTSWOOD HENRY
For whose Mother Dolly Payne was Named
From the Portrait by Sharples

DOLLY PAYNE

minister who, in describing the size and abundance of her dishes, said her dinners were more like harvest home suppers than the entertainments of the President's wife.

In Dolly Madison's day, the use of snuff was permissible even in the most refined society, and hard as it is to believe, the President's wife was not above the habit. At a State banquet, she presented her beautiful snuff-box to Mr. Clay for a pinch of the contents, and after indulging in it herself, applied to her nose a bandanna handkerchief, remarking, "Mr. Clay, this is for rough work, and this," touching her nose gently with a bit of lace, "is my polisher."

Perhaps Dolly Madison was not great when one counts the sterner qualities that combine to make heroines, but she was undoubtedly very great in her kindly nature, unselfish mind and sunny disposition. Tactful, as few women have ever been, never forgetting the name of a person to whom she had been introduced, or any incident connected with anyone she knew, with the needed word of encouragement or consolation ready upon her lips, and always filled with sincere sympathy, is it a marvel that Dolly Madison proved such a factor in Madison's success? At times, heavy thoughts may have burdened her

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vivid mind and unchallenged tears fallen from the blue eyes, but the world was never the wiser, for she always had for it a bright smile and apparently light heart, though it was for her husband that she kept her sunniest self.

Thick and fast, honors fell to the portion of this remarkable woman who always wore them gracefully; while she appreciated everything, she never overestimated anything, accepting all naturally as her due, and throughout the unlimited adulation she received, her beautiful disposition remained unchanged. The little Quaker maid developed into fashion's queen butterfly and was envied, emulated, admired by all her country, as well as courted by those abroad, yet her words were as kind for the rich as for the poor and she was always the friend of the people.

During the eight years of her reign in Washington, Mrs. Madison counted as her frequent visitors the greatest social and political dignitaries of England, America and France. At the White House, and later at her own residence in Washington, her brilliant entertaining was the greatest social feature of the time. What a pleasure she must have found in allowing full play to the gay spirit so cramped for freedom in her youth and in giving rein to her love of

DOLLY PAYNE

gorgeous raiment! For vanity was probably the besetting sin of the fair Dolly, and at all State functions her toilettes were usually very extravagant. At the grand ball given in honor of Madison's inauguration she wore a yellow velvet gown enhanced by a huge Parisian turban, then the height of fashion, from which floated a bird of paradise. Mrs. Madison clung to these turbans to the last, and though Mrs. Seaton found them becoming to her, we rather think that the black curls would have been much more effective.

In one of her portraits she wears this oriental looking head-dress, but it is fortunate there are other likenesses of her or the present generation would be a trifle disappointed in the beauty of this celebrated woman. Unfortunately, no picture of Mrs. Madison, the Lady Presidentess, hangs in the White House gallery, but in all of her portraits there is the same sweet, cheery expression, though in none of them is there the winsomeness of Peale's miniature made when she was Dolly Todd, Quaker Lady.

What a commentary it is, that though her girlhood had been passed in the simplest surroundings, Dolly Madison entered the official life of Washington with the greatest ease—where, as first lady of the land, she at once be-

OLD TIME BELLES AND CAVALIERS

came the center of a court of rigid etiquette. She was a target for small grudges and pique, yet passed through the trying ordeal unhurt, without incurring enemies or offending any social laws. True it is that Dolly Madison has place in history as a political power, yet her influence was only that which a true, a considerate and gracious gentlewoman can always exert over those with whom she comes in contact. If it is remarkable that she wore so well her official honors, it is still more so that, after the brilliancy of Washington, Mrs. Madison was no less happy when she returned to Montpelier, in Orange County, Virginia, after Madison's retirement. As gracefully as she had accepted her life of fashion, she took up her simple country existence, which speaks volumes for her character. The majority of women would have felt the change and pined for the excitements of the Capital; most women would have keenly missed the adulation that had been hers and rebelled against the flatness of the more natural life, but Dolly Madison neither mourned nor regretted, possessing as she did inner resources which enabled her to make her own life amidst any surroundings.

But Queen Dolly's days were by no means

DOLLY PAYNE

free of shadows: her only child, Payne Todd, caused her unlimited worry and anxiety; Madison's health began to fail as he advanced in years, and finally, when she lost him, it seemed as if the cloud would never lift. During his illness her devotion was unfaltering, and from then on her life presents a series of troubles and disappointments. Mrs. Madison's affection for her husband was unbounded and her friendship for all his acquaintances was so sincere that the two were always spoken of together, a most uncommon thing. The social prominence given her by Madison never spoiled her one iota, nor did she allow any innovations to change her personal or domestic life beyond the requirements of his office. "Queen Dolly," was the sobriquet won by her for the regal way she presided at state affairs, but, underneath, her true womanliness and domesticity were ever paramount. Her gracious tact, her wise silence upon the issues of the day, were tremendous assets for the fourth President, and, as someone has written of Dolly Madison, "she was brilliant in the things she did not say or do." The summit of her ambition was to wield a personal influence over her statesman husband, for she had no wish to mingle in politics, being quite content to fulfil the duties of her

OLD TIME BELLES AND CAVALIERS

own sphere and leave the larger wheel to her wise helpmate to whose success she contributed so materially by her tireless care and attention, her fund of sympathetic understanding and sunny nature.

Historians assert that but for the popularity of Mrs. Madison, James Madison would never have been called to serve a second term in the White House. But the wonderful manner in which she had weathered the political storm of 1814, the tactful sway she held over men of various minds, the open door and ready smile she kept at the President's house for all sorts and conditions of thinkers—all combined to throw towards her husband the weight of public favor, and then, if at no other time, Madison found in his wife his real success.

It is with sincere regret that one turns the page of Dolly Madison's life where light-hearted brilliancy is exchanged for trouble and disappointment. Pauperized by the dissipation of her son, she was forced to sell Montpelier, even Madison's treasured library, and return to Washington to accept the place of a dependent old lady. To the very last, however, and her years grew to eighty-one, her sunshiny disposition never left her, and she went to her grave with a word of

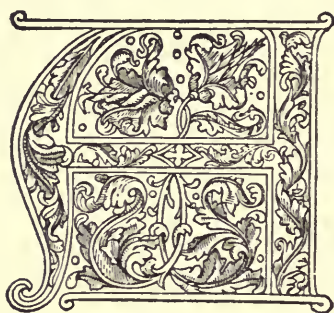
DOLLY PAYNE

kindness and encouragement for everyone she knew. Among the greatest women of America Dolly Madison will always be placed apart as being the only woman ever honored with the distinction of having been voted a seat in Congress. Even as an old lady—if one can ever think of her as old—her girlish laugh and gentle voice swayed some political destinies, and when she died in 1849 she left a place and space in life that must remain for always unfilled. Surely, the name of Dolly Madison belongs not only to, but is, the essence of American history, and the vast influence she so unostentatiously exercised renders her one of the most interesting as well as remarkable women of our early days.

In a corner of the old graveyard at Montpelier, beside the tomb of her "Great little Madison," Dolly Madison was laid to rest. Much loved and courted in her long life, all that is now mortal of her sleeps under a myrtle mantle, and in the spring its clear blue flowers look up to heaven, in their soft blue coloring matching Dolly Madison's eyes.

MARY JULIA SEYMOUR

MRS. JOHN CHENEVARD



AMONG the beautiful collection of Trumbull's miniatures, which are accorded such a conspicuous place in the School of Fine Arts at Yale University, there is one of a bewitching, coquettish girl, which at once catches the eye to hold the attention. The winsome face portrayed so delicately upon the bit of ivory is that of Mary Julia Seymour, whose father was the Honorable John Seymour, first Mayor of Hartford, Connecticut, and whose mother was Mary Ledyard.

Lieutenant-colonel Ledyard, grandfather of pretty Mary Julia, or Juliana as the family called her, was a distinguished officer of the Revolutionary Army, whose death was one of the gravest crimes held against the British. Being in command of Fort Griswold, Connecticut, when that stronghold fell into the hands of

MARY JULIA SEYMOUR

the English, Colonel Ledyard, as became the officer in charge, presented his sword to Captain Bloomfield, the redcoat commander, who, not content with this, demanded: "Who commands this fort?"

"I did," returned Colonel Ledyard quietly, "but you do now," upon which assurance, the brutal Bloomfield plunged the sword into the loyal heart of the American officer.

This was on September 6th, 1781, twelve years after little Mary Julia opened her eyes upon a happy life, February 6th, 1769. Her mother came of illustrious ancestry; her father was not only a man of political prominence, but of considerable wealth, for he came of the great house of Seymour which claimed descent from a thirteenth century knight, while his Colonial ancestor was one Richard Seymour, who responded to the call of the new country in the year 1640. Still farther back of him were the Cliffords, Despencers and Mortimers, the Clares and Percies; as someone wrote, "a brilliant pageant of splendid knights and nobles, of stately ladies, of kings and queens." So it would seem that this little American descendant was born to enjoy the sweets of life to the full. And this she did in a care-free manner until the twentieth day

OLD TIME BELLES AND CAVALIERS

of November, 1794, when she was married to John Chenevard and assumed, naturally, the responsibilities that must always come with that estate.

Two years prior to this event, Jonathan Trumbull had painted the miniature which appeals so wonderfully to us in the old gold frame, and from the smiling lips, the coquettish tilt of the eyebrows, the flushed cheeks, it does not seem at all improbable that the little portrait was done for the fortunate man she so soon afterwards married.

By many this is said to be the most beautiful of all of Trumbull's work. He has shown the girl of twenty-three years in a simple white frock with soft mull kerchief; there is no touch of lace upon gown or fichu, the latter rising in an Elizabethan fashion, at the back to be tied loosely in front, thereby disclosing the soft, beautiful throat and bit of neck. The light hair, confined by a bandeau of ribbon about the head, looks as if it might have been one curling mass if left to itself; as it is, it waves low over her brow, knowing neither comb nor pin. The oval face ends in a pointed, piquant chin, and though she is eminently lovely, the little miniature shows that she possessed something more, for



MARY JULIA SEYMOUR
MRS. JOHN CHENEVARD

From the Miniature by Jonathan Trumbull

MARY JULIA SEYMOUR

back of the rather wondering eyes can be seen a mind and intellect.

But life was too fair and rosy for the winsome young matron to long enjoy. So many who have less to live for linger longer, and Mary Julia Chenevard was taken off in her prime; for, less than a score of years after she was married, she was carried to her last resting place to sleep eternally through centuries of constant change. On the nineteenth day of April, in 1808, Juliana closed her beautiful eyes, leaving for New England some romantic memories of one of its fairest daughters. And as one still stands in revery before the exquisite face that smiles so entrancingly from Trumbull's ivory, one can but wonder what this eighteenth century belle would think of the progressive generation that, after more than a century, has succeeded her.

MARTHA JEFFERSON

MRS. THOMAS MANN RANDOLPH



It has frequently been said that the sons of great men must always suffer the handicap of comparison, which, too often, falls pitifully short of what might naturally be expected.

Consequently, the sonless man of brains and ability is to be congratulated, for, no matter how many daughters he may have, neither they nor he need have cause for dissatisfaction. Yet, curiously enough, and history proves the right for the assertion, more than one daughter of a distinguished father has added lustre to his name, and this has been amply proven in the life of Martha Jefferson.

The eldest child of Thomas and Martha Wayles Jefferson, Martha Jefferson, was born September 25th, 1772, and was very young when her beautiful mother died. Perhaps it was this

MARTHA JEFFERSON

very fact that served so materially to develop her so well, for the little girl was naturally thrown much in the company of her father, and at an early age became his constant companion when he was near. That Jefferson took an intense interest in the early education of his daughter, and that he expected rather difficult things of her as a mere child, is shown in old family letters which read laughably to us, but must have caused tremors of fear in the heart of the small scholar who seems to have been left no hours for play time.

In one of these musty parchments, treasured so carefully as a whisper from the glorious past, he directs:

“ From 8 to 10, practice music.

From 10 to 1, dance one day and draw another.

From 1 to 2, draw on the day you dance, and write a letter next day.

From 3 to 4, read French.

From 4 to 5, exercise yourself in music.

From 5 till bed time, read English, write, etc.”

Added to all this, he states that he expects a letter from her by every post, and that she must also correspond dutifully with her aunts. Poor little Martha! It was a hard schooling, but the

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wisdom of her illustrious father was proven in her after life.

When Martha reached her fifteenth year, Jefferson then being American Minister to France, she joined him in Paris, where the finishing touches were put upon what was already a superior education, at the Convent at Parthemont; the correspondence which took place between her and her renowned father at that period is more than ordinarily interesting.

The first glimpse that Martha Jefferson had of the great world of society was in Paris, where she remained a while after leaving school, under the chaperonage of Mrs. John Adams. Here she came in contact with the most notable French and American women of the time, and Mrs. William Bingham, that authorized leader of fashion in both countries, shows the American girl's success in a letter written to Jefferson from New York. "Be so kind as to remember me with affection to Miss Jefferson," she writes. "Tell her she is the envy of all the young ladies in America, and that I should wish nothing so much as to place my little girl under her inspection, should she not leave Paris before I revisit it."

Mrs. Smith, Abigail Adams, while a guest at



MARTHA JEFFERSON
MRS. THOMAS MANN RANDOLPH
From the Engraving after Gilbert Stuart's Portrait

MARTHA JEFFERSON

the Adams home with Martha Jefferson, wrote of her: "Delicacy and sensibility are read in her every feature, and her manners are in unison with all that is amiable and lovely."

It is gratifying to know that this young American head was in no wise turned by the adulation of the wealth and fashion of Europe, for it remained for Thomas Mann Randolph, her second cousin, who visited Paris in 1788, to win her from titles and old world dignitaries. On the 23d of February, 1790, Martha Jefferson became Mrs. Randolph, the wedding uniting two of our country's most distinguished families, and seldom have two beings started out with a more brilliant future before them than these two who lived their lives together at "Edge Hill," in Albemarle County, Virginia.

Though Jefferson approved highly of his daughter's choice, some biographers would lead us to believe that he and Thomas Mann Randolph were never upon very friendly terms, yet history tells us that the second President described his son-in-law as "a man of science, sense, virtue and competence."

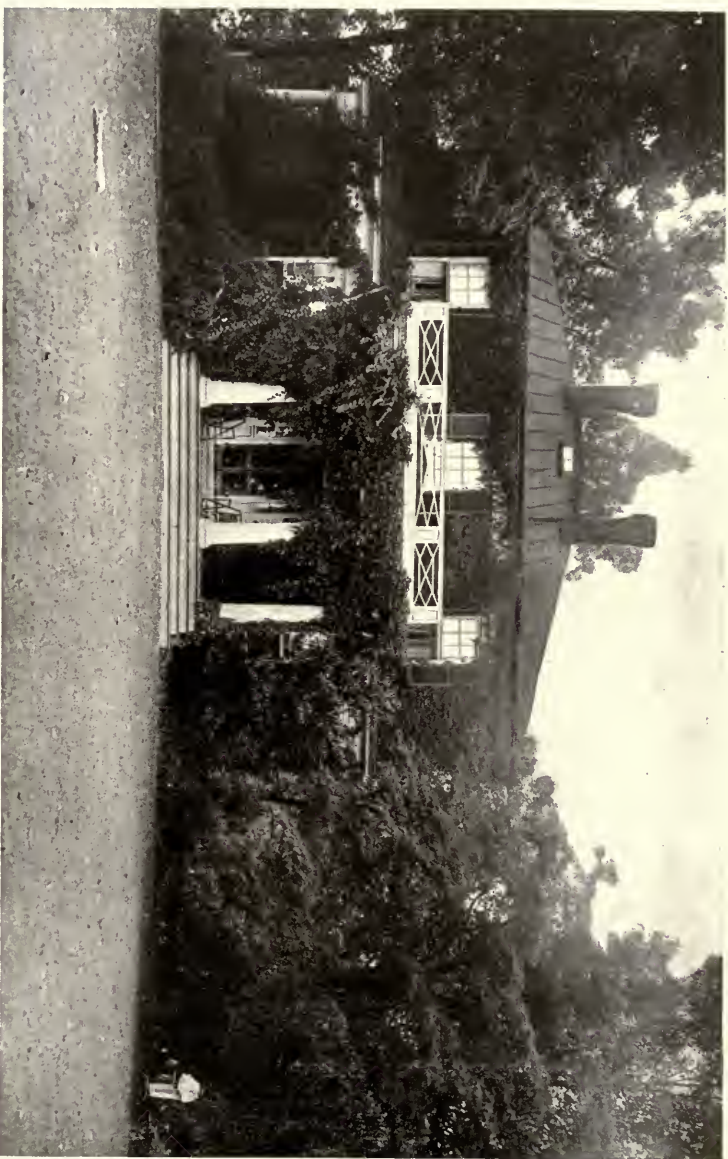
In any event, young Randolph was a true Virginian, of splendid bearing, good looks and broad intellect, possessing the chivalry and

OLD TIME BELLES AND CAVALIERS

bravery of his race, and called by a contemporary, "A young gentleman of genius, science, and honorable mind, who afterwards filled a dignified station in the general government, and the most dignified in his own State."

When Thomas Jefferson became President, it was to Martha Randolph that the arduous duties of Lady of the White House fell, for all of which her noble qualities of head and heart well fitted her. Prior to her first visit to the Presidential mansion, Mrs. Randolph wrote her friend, Dolly Madison, to send her a wig of the latest design, adding that it would serve the double purpose of making her appear in the latest fashion and take away the trouble of arranging her own coiffure. So it would seem that no age, nor the most intellectual among women, is above the craze for puffs and curls that may be pinned on rather than grown.

In 1803, Thomas Mann Randolph was elected to Congress, his honor bringing a great pride to his wife, but in 1805 she was deeply saddened by the loss of her sister, Maria Eppes, and in order to help her father bear this great grief, spent the entire winter of 1805-1806 at the White House, where her second son was born, he being the first child of the White House.



"EDGE HILL," THE COUNTRY SEAT OF MARTHA JEFFERSON RANDOLPH, IN ALBEMARLE COUNTY, VIRGINIA

MARTHA JEFFERSON

When her husband became Governor of Virginia, in 1819, Martha Jefferson's cup of happiness was filled to the brim. Being forced into public life through both father and husband, notwithstanding the cares of a young family, she filled her various positions with a wonderful ability, producing a charming impression everywhere by her manners and conversation.

It was Mrs. Randolph who was the victim (?) when Mrs. Merry, wife of the British Minister, undertook to be revenged for the fancied indignities she chose to think the President had heaped upon her, and but for the quick wit of the former, serious international complications might have arisen. As it was, when Mrs. Merry wrote Mrs. Randolph begging to know if she were a guest at the White House as the daughter of the President or the wife of a Virginia gentleman, stating that if the first were true, she would call upon her, but in the latter case, would expect to be called upon, Mrs. Randolph, with ready tact, sent an instant reply. She announced that she was there as the wife of a Virginia gentleman, and, according to Jeffersonian etiquette, as visitors to the Capital should be called upon by residents, they would naturally expect the first call.

Martha Jefferson lived to be the mother of

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twelve children, the eldest, Thomas Jefferson Randolph, proving the greatest solace to the old age of his grandfather. The Sully portrait shows her in a bewitching mob cap, and was evidently done about the time she married, while Gilbert Stuart's painting portrays her as the young matron of the world with features resembling somewhat those of Thomas Jefferson, and character in every line of her face.

Mrs. Randolph's daughter relates the following incident in regard to Sully's portrait of her mother: "I accompanied her to Mr. Sully's studio, and, as she took her seat before him, she said playfully: 'Mr. Sully, I shall never forgive you if you paint me with wrinkles.'

"I quickly interrupted, 'Paint her just as she is, Mr. Sully, the picture is for me.'

"He said, 'I shall paint you, Mrs. Randolph, as I remember you twenty years ago.'

"The picture does represent her younger—but failed to restore the expression of health and cheerful, ever-joyous vivacity which her countenance then habitually wore. My mother's face owed its greatest charm to its expressiveness, beaming, as it ever was, with kindness, good humor, gayety and wit. She was tall and very graceful; her complexion naturally fair, her hair

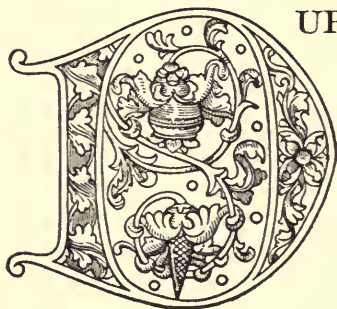
MARTHA JEFFERSON

of a dark chestnut color, very long and very abundant. Her manners were uncommonly attractive from their vivacity, amiability and high breeding, and her conversation was charming."

Polly Jefferson, Mrs. Eppes, may have been the beauty of the family, but Martha, known to her father as "Patsy," was blessed with more lasting qualities. She was the friend of the rich, the comfort of the poor; the associate of the most gifted men in Europe and America, yet she was most charming of all in her beautiful domesticity, and though John Randolph, of Roanoke, had quarreled with both her husband and father, he rightly summed up her life and character when he toasted her as "the noblest woman in Virginia."

REBECCA SMITH

MRS. SAMUEL BLODGET



URING the Centennial Exposition held in Philadelphia in 1876, a distinguished looking man of foreign appearance paused frequently before an unfinished portrait which graced the walls of the Art Gallery. No matter where he might have been called upon to go, or how many and elaborate the festivities planned in his honor, the foreigner always found time to pay a daily visit to his ideal portrait upon which his fine, dark eyes rested long and admiringly. This gentleman was none other than the Emporer of Brazil, while the picture which so charmed and haunted him was of Mrs. Samuel Blodget, born Rebecca Smith, whose handsome, saucy face still shines radiantly upon a canvas by Gilbert Stuart.

The daughter of the Reverend William Smith, D.D., first Provost of the University of Penn-

REBECCA SMITH

sylvania, and a man as able as he was good, Rebecca was born on the ninth of March, in 1772. Blessed with a naturally quick, receptive mind, the little girl developed into a woman of such superior mentality that even her beauty became secondary in comparison. But as is generally true of women of her type, Mistress Rebecca possessed a tongue which paid constant court to the god of wit regardless of the bitterness she might plant in the hearts of others against her sarcastic sallies.

Naturally her conversation was as original as it was amusing, for she never hesitated to express with alarming freedom her opinion of things and people.

Though the devotion which existed between her and her father was as sincere as they were congenial, even her white-haired sire was frequently made her victim. It is said that old Doctor Smith held the opinion of his lively daughter in great esteem, and whenever he was called to make any address of importance, insisted that she be present. Upon one of these momentous occasions, when he was to deliver an oration on Benjamin Franklin before the American Philosophical Society, Doctor Smith made sure that the fair Rebecca was among his audience.

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Returning home after his speech, he was treated to an ecstatic embrace from the beautiful girl, in return for which he questioned her smilingly upon the manner of his reception.

"Well, my daughter," he announced with pleasure, "I saw you seated among the magnates at the church. You *heard* me, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes," was her non-committal rejoinder, "I was there and heard every word."

"And how did you like the eulogy, let me ask?" persisted the doctor.

"Oh, Papa," admitted Rebecca with an arch look, "it *was* beautiful indeed; only—Papa—only—only——"

"Only what?" demanded the learned man, with interest.

"Only—Papa—now you won't be offended, will you?" she begged—"I don't think you believed more than one-tenth part of what you said of old Ben Lightning-rod; did you?"

The reverend doctor was perhaps as much shocked at the manner in which she spoke of the august Franklin as at her accusation of his insincerity, but he merely gave his pretty daughter a pinch on the cheek and wisely pressed her no further upon the subject.

It was fear of her ridicule which followed Re-

REBECCA SMITH

becca Smith through life. First in the school-room, afterwards in Republican salons, her personal opinion was held in high regard, few being willing to run the gamut of her biting wit, to which she sacrificed friends as well as enemies.

Her own children she mockingly described as having "small eyes like Mr. Blodget, which gives them a comical look," and when she admitted that one was a beauty she could not refrain from adding that the same little girl was a vixen—not to be wondered at with Rebecca Blodget for her mother.

At the height of her glory, this beautiful Rebecca, then aged twenty, was married to Samuel Blodget, May 10th, 1792. Her husband, a born New Englander from Woburn, Massachusetts, fought bravely in the Revolutionary Army, and when peace was declared sailed for Europe, where he studied the ancient cities as models for those to be made in the new country. Returning to America two years before his marriage, Mr. Blodget became very active in the landscape architecture of Washington, to which place he later took his beautiful bride, who at once became a personage in official society. For a time Samuel Blodget was superintendent of the city towards which all American eyes were then

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turned. He was a firm believer in the success of the new Capital, and accordingly invested heavily in building lots; at the same time, he came in for some severe criticisms owing to a plan he had formulated to establish a lottery for the furtherance of the sale of real estate. To-day his idea would have been counted clever, but in the early nineteenth century the code of men and morals was not so far advanced.

That Mrs. Blodget was unquestionably a beautiful woman, the picture so openly admired by the distinguished South American lives to prove. Her beautiful portrait by Gilbert Stuart is now the property of The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia, and is reproduced by the kind permission of that institution. There is neither drapery nor other background to enhance the head, which in its queenly poise holds the admiration of all so happy as to see it. Just why it was never finished cannot be said; perhaps the trained eye of the artist thought it unnecessary; mayhap, the time allotted to its painting was too limited; these, and numerous other reasons may be brought forward, but whatever may have been the cause, the portrait is as sincerely commended as if it had been completed to the minutest detail.



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REBECCA SMITH
MRS. SAMUEL BLODGET
By Gilbert Stuart

REBECCA SMITH

In a biography of Doctor Smith, the fair Rebecca is thus described: "This daughter, of whom a lovely portrait by Gilbert Stuart attests the justice of the social judgment, was one of the most admired beauties that ever adorned the drawing-rooms of Philadelphia, and as much distinguished by sprightliness and wit as by her personal comeliness. The portrait of her by Stuart has been universally acknowledged, I think, to be the finest female head that Stuart produced. Boston has good works of this kind, I know, but they are in Stuart's later style. That of the lady has a purity, an ethereal charm, which his pencil lost some time after the beginning of the nineteenth century. As a general thing, Stuart's women were not successful. It seemed as if he required a male head, and one moreover, of a high intellectual order, like that of the father, Dr. Smith, whom he painted."

Rebecca Blodget came of a race of lovely women; her cousin was beautiful Frances Cadwalader, the Lady Erskine of social history, while her grandmother was that Williamina Moore, of Moore Hall, Pennsylvania, who has given to America more beautiful descendants than any one Colonial ancestress.

Rebecca Smith, Colonial, Revolutionary and

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Republican belle, left vacant her enviable place in the world at the age of sixty-five. Her husband had died in 1814, and for twenty-three years she had lived a widow. Perhaps the last days of her life were not so roseate; perhaps the trials and griefs which must ever fall to the portion of all, had dulled somewhat her arrow-tipped wit and lined her face of aristocratic beauty. The influence of her life can now only vaguely be viewed, but where it is seen, it places her amongst the women who have affected generations beyond their own, and who seem to exist in the present as forcibly as they lived in the past.

SALLY McKEAN

MARQUISE D'YRUJO



SMONG the galaxy of beauties that shone so brilliantly in Philadelphia just after the Revolution, none took precedence of Sally McKean, who, by reason of her personal charms, aristocratic birth and mental gifts, queened it in a little court of her own.

Born in Newark, Delaware, July 8th, 1777, Sarah Maria Theresa McKean, was the daughter of Governor Thomas McKean and his second wife, Sarah Armitage. As the child of a man who held such prominent offices as those of Chief Justice and Governor of Pennsylvania, Sally McKean would naturally have assumed a conspicuous rôle in Philadelphia society, though her physical beauties and mental accomplishments would have guaranteed her that had she been born in a humbler sphere. As a little girl, she led the sheltered life of all children of her posi-

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tion, passing from the nursery to the hands of governesses and not being allowed many glimpses of the gay world until she had reached her seventeenth year, when she was launched into the merry life of the Capital, to at once become a leading factor.

In describing a very grand dinner given by President Washington in 1791, an old writer gives us a glimpse of Mistress Sally at the age of nineteen: "Among the first to arrive was Chief Justice McKean, accompanied by his lovely daughter, Miss Sally McKean. Miss McKean had many admirers, but her heart was still her own. She wore a blue satin dress trimmed with white crape and flowers, and petticoat of white crape richly embroidered, and across the front a festoon of rose color caught up with flowers."

It was at this dinner, so memorable in the lives of at least two of the guests, that Sally McKean met the man she was so soon to marry, the Marquis d'Yrujo, who is also spoken of in the afore-mentioned letter. "The next to arrive was senor Don Carlos Martinez de Yrujo, stranger to almost all the guests. He spoke with ease but with a foreign accent, and was soon lost in amazement at the beauty and grace of Miss McKean." The Marquis d'Yrujo was born in Cartagena,



SALLY McKEAN
MARCHIONESS D'YRUJO
From the Portrait by Gilbert Stuart

SALLY McKEAN

Spain, December 4th, 1763, and on June 4th, 1791, arrived in America as minister from that country.

From this first meeting, the young Spaniard was all devotion to the beautiful American girl, who received his attentions as she did those of innumerable other admirers, and it was not until two years later that he was rewarded. Old family papers, faded and yellow, tell of this marriage, which took place April 10th, 1798. The bride, with her black hair and soft dark eyes, appeared much more Spanish than her husband, who was light-haired and blue-eyed. The Marquis was then thirty-five, nearly twice the age of his wife, and President Washington has left a brief description of him: "M. dYrujo spent two days with me and is just gone. He is a young man, very agreeable and easy in his manners, professes to be well disposed towards the United States, and as far as a judgement can be formed on so slight an acquaintance, appears to be well informed."

One of the greatest favorites of Mrs. Washington, the young Marquise naturally spent much time at the American Court, and thus describes the first reception of the Lady Presidentess:

"You never could have such a drawing-

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room; it was brilliant beyond anything you can imagine; and though there was a great deal of extravagance, there was so much of Philadelphia taste in everything that it must be confessed the most delightful occasion of the kind ever known in this country." A piquant note of provincial narrowness appears in this letter, when the young girl speaks of Philadelphia as comparable with the whole world.

After their marriage, honors were heaped upon this young couple; in 1803, Don Carlos Martinez was created Marquis de Casa Yhrujo; in 1810 he was appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Rio Janeiro. It was three years later, in 1813, that Governor McKean, in writing to Mr. Adams, said, "The Marquis de Casa Yrujo with my daughter and their children and servants made me a visit on his return from an embassy to the Prince Regent of Portugal in Rio Janeiro in Brazil." About this time, the Marquis is described as: "Proud as a typical Spaniard should be, and mingling an infusion of vanity with his pride; irascible, head strong, indiscreet as was possible for a diplomatist, and afraid of no prince or president; young, able, quick and aggressive, devoted to his king and country; a flighty and dangerous



THE MARQUIS D'YRUJO
From the Portrait by Gilbert Stuart

SALLY McKEAN

friend, but a most troublesome enemy; always in difficulties, but in spite of fantastic outbursts always respectable." It would seem from this that the fair Sally had her small hands over-full in the management of such a husband, yet, from all accounts, the union proved happy in every way. There must have been times when the youthful matron's patience was taxed, when her temper was tried, but if that be true, they have wisely been forgotten, and all that family history tells us of them is of the rosy hue.

From first to last, according to social annals, Sally McKean lived a life flooded with sunshine. Destined always to be in the public eye, gracing from her girlhood positions of distinction, as the Philadelphia beauty and the wife of a Spanish grandee, the friend of Presidents and most noted men and women of the day, she never over-estimated her position, but was always the gracious hostess, agreeable acquaintance and loyal wife as well as truest friend.

ELIZA CUSTIS

MRS. THOMAS LAW



N the Eastern Shore of Virginia there is a tomb of more than passing interest to native and stranger alike; upon this marble slab, which was once of a snowy whiteness, a very remarkable inscription is engraved in accordance with the directions of the person in whose memory it was placed.

“Under this marble tomb lies the body
Of the Hon. JOHN CUSTIS Esq.,
Of the city of Williamsburg,
and parish of Bruton.
Formerly of Hungar’s Parish, on the
Eastern Shore
Of Virginia, and County of Northampton,
Aged 71 years, and yet lived but seven years,
which was the space of time he kept
a Bachelor’s home at Arlington,
on the Eastern Shore of Virginia.”

ELIZA CUSTIS

Upon the opposite side of the marble, the reader is enlightened as to this curious epitaph:

“ This inscription put on his tomb was by
His own positive orders.”

That the matrimonial sea upon which the Honorable John Custis embarked was much too billowy is very evident, nor does one wonder after scanning briefly the life his partner led. In the early part of the eighteenth century, John Custis laid siege to the heart of Frances Parke, the imperious daughter of Colonel Daniel Parke, aide-de-camp to the Duke of Marlborough. Though he was forewarned of her fiery temper and ungovernable ways, the ardent suitor saw naught in her but perfection, and in 1705 indited the following sentimental epistle to her:

“ WILLIAMSBURG, February 4, 1705.

“ May angels guard my dearest Fidelia and deliver her safe to my arms at our next meeting; and sure they wont refuse their protection to a creature so pure and charming, that it would be easy for them to mistake her for one of themselves. If you could but believe how entirely you possess the empire of my heart, you would easily credit me when I tell you, that I can

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neither think nor so much as dream of any other subject than the enchanting Fidelia. You will do me wrong if you suspect that there ever was a man created that loved with more tenderness and sincerity than I do, and I should do you wrong if I could imagine there ever was a nymph that deserved it better than you. Take this for granted, then fancy how uneasy I am like to be under the unhappiness of your absence. Figure to yourself what tumults there will arise in my blood, what a fluttering of the spirits, what a disorder of the pulse, what passionate wishes, what absence of thought, and what crowding of sighs, and then imagine how unfit I shall be for business; but returning to the dear cause of my uneasiness; O the torture of six months' expectation! If it must be so long and necessity will till then interpose betwixt you and my inclination I must submit, though it be as unwillingly as pride submits to superior virtue, or envy to superior success. Pray think of me, and believe that Veramour is entirely and eternally yours.

“Adieu.”

That the “Enchanting Fidelia” proved a headstrong virago, the old tomb tells; and that the trials of the unhappy husband must indeed

ELIZA CUSTIS

have been heavy to have made him forget the sentiment that surrounded his early attachment, we readily appreciate. Though, when all is said, it seems rather curious that he should have been willing to give to the public of succeeding centuries the unhappy domestic history of his life. But Frances Parke was very beautiful if much too haughty, and left to the children who were born of this union much that was to be desired.

Three generations passed before the ungovernable ways of the eighteenth century beauty asserted themselves in her descendants, but in the life of Eliza Custis, her great-granddaughter, there is much to remind one of her.

Eliza Custis, one of the children to fall under the happy guardianship of President and Mrs. Washington, possessed a wonderful brunette beauty that made her the admired of all artists, and which is reproduced by Gilbert Stuart as his finest portrait.

When the latter was making one of his likenesses of Washington, he was struck with the loveliness of this step-granddaughter of Mount Vernon, and catching her one day in an attitude which appealed to him as expressive of the young girl's character, asked leave to paint her in this pose; permission granted, he at once set to work

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with the happy result the old portrait shows. She stands with arms closely folded in a somewhat defiant attitude and, back of her, from a misty background, one lone tree stands forth. Her figure is plump and perhaps half length, while the most impressive thing about the picture is the absolute unconsciousness of the subject. She wears a dark silk gown with close fitting short sleeves, and relieved about the low-cut neck with a heavily fringed scarf of white silk net. The neck is beautiful; the flesh tints those that Stuart knew how to paint; the hair is very dark and waves a little as it falls carelessly about her neck and down low over her right brow which is raised a bit imperiously above the superb black eyes. Her nose is faultless, and though the lips are a trifle thin, they are well curved and show a determination which offsets the suggested dimple in her chin. Altogether, the portrait is radiant.

Eliza Custis was very beautiful, there is no denying that, though her haughty features may have made her of a forbidding type. John Adams spoke of her as, "A fine, blooming, rosy girl," and as such she undoubtedly appealed to Mr. Thomas Law, who met her in Philadelphia, where she was a guest of the Washingtons.

As the nephew of Lord Ellenborough, Chief



From "Salons Colonial and Republican," by Anne H. Wharton

ELIZA PARKE CUSTIS

MRS. THOMAS LAW

From the Portrait by Gilbert Stuart



Eliza Custis' Snuffbox

ELIZA CUSTIS

Justice of the King's Bench, Thomas Law would naturally have attracted attention; add to this the fact that he was enormously wealthy as well as exceedingly good to look at, and it is not difficult to understand how the nineteen-year-old beauty was swept off her feet by the adoration of this most desirable suitor twice her age. Then, too, the flavor of romance hung over the early years of the high-born Englishman who lived then mostly in India, where, in that weird, oriental atmosphere, he tasted much of life that is denied the less travelled man. It was while he was in India that he and Lord Cornwallis became great friends; but, notwithstanding the warmest personal regard he entertained for the latter, when America sounded her warcry against Great Britain Thomas Law came to this country, having been drawn thither by the hero-worship that was inspired in his heart for our Commander-in-Chief. But if there was much to be said for, there were also things to be said against Mr. Law, and a contemporary Washingtonian, in speaking of him, said, that there was scarcely an acquaintance of this very erratic gentleman who could not relate some interesting anecdote of his eccentricities.

Being pleasing in the eyes of the arrogant

OLD TIME BELLES AND CAVALIERS

young woman, and there seeming none but reasons why the alliance should occur, Eliza Custis became Mrs. Thomas Law at "Hope Park," the country seat of her Stuart relatives in Fairfax County, Virginia, just what day we do not know.

George Washington, whose worldly wisdom was well worth heeding, sent his capricious god-daughter some pertinent advice upon the subject of her marriage. From Germantown, this interesting letter was written September the fourteenth, 1794, and we who know the outcome of the affair can hardly help smiling as we follow the faded words: "Do not then in your contemplation of the marriage state look for perfect felicity, before you consent to wed; nor conceive from the fine tales of the poets, and lovers of old of the transports of mutual love, that heaven has taken its abode on earth;—nor do not deceive yourself in supposing that the only means by which these are to be obtained, is to drink deep of the cup, and revel in an ocean of love. Love is a mighty pretty thing, but like other delicious things, it is cloying; and when the first transport of the passion begins to subside, which it assuredly will do, and yield—oftentimes too late—to more sober reflections, it serves to evince that love is too dainty a food to live upon alone,

ELIZA CUSTIS

and ought not to be considered further than as a necessary ingredient for that matrimonial happiness which results from a combination of causes."

As Thomas Law was a man of wealth and one of the earliest residents of Washington city, where he erected a magnificent home upon the banks of the Potomac, and as Mrs. Law was both granddaughter and ward of Lady Washington, with beauty and determination, no couple were more conspicuous in the social life of the Capital. At their house were gathered together such notables as Volney, Neimcewicz, Kosciusko, Louis Philippe, and Richard Parkinson, besides eminent Americans of the early Republic.

That Eliza Custis lived in a very extravagant style, many old manuscripts exist to attest; her chariot was said to be handsomer than any ever seen in this country; her drawing-rooms were famous, her acquaintances all from the *haut monde*. And yet, though Washington had seen the happiest of futures for her but a few years before, in a very short time the haughty self-willed beauty found life unbearable with a husband twice her age. At the age of nineteen she had married Thomas Law, who was forty; superficially, they may have been congenial, but beneath this veneer,

OLD TIME BELLES AND CAVALIERS

neither understood the other; the sad part is that neither seem to try very hard.

It is rather curious that Thomas Law should have voiced much the same matrimonial sentiments as did the Honorable John Custis, though those of the former were expressed a bit more poetically.

“Look not in public places for a wife;
Be not deluded by the charms of sight.
Retirement only gives the friend for life
Who shares your grief and doubles your delight.”

Law was handsome, intellectual; and the possessor of vast estates, enough to turn the head of a miss of eighteen, but he was also eccentric to a trying degree, and though the luxuries and pleasures with which he surrounded his wife were at first sufficient to make her happy or at least contented, Eliza Custis soon woke to the fact that she was wretched, and with the inherited stubbornness of her great-grandmother, refused to listen to outside intervention and not only left her husband, but resumed her maiden name. Her life, from many sources, was filled with trouble, through all of which she was ever loyal in her devotion to the Washingtons and always grew angry at the merest suggestion that they were anything short of perfection.

ELIZA CUSTIS

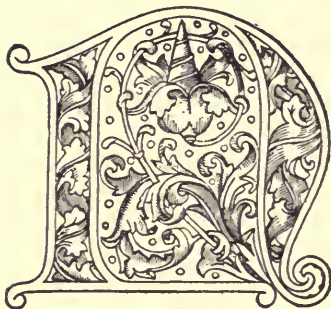
Upon one occasion, when Gilbert Stuart's daughter was criticising his portrait of George Washington as flattering, Eliza Custis exclaimed indignantly: "Too fair! My dear, his neck is as fair as that of a girl of seventeen."

The intense interest which Thomas Law had in General Washington was said to be the cause of his coming to America, and though it was through the man who had impressed him as the ideal soldier and statesman, that his unfortunate domestic troubles were brought about, his admiration did not cease, but he was, on the contrary, always counted as a staunch friend of the first President.

The last years of Eliza Custis are more or less enveloped in a veil of uncertainty, and perhaps it is just as well, for one likes to remember the beauty when she was at her best surrounded by all the luxuries that wealth could give. She was not so winsome as her sister Nellie, nor should she be blamed for her wilful temper, but rather admired for her frank honesty; she showed what she felt when less sincere women would have hidden their feelings, and when one turns the last page in her history, it is with a twinge of pity and not the least of blame.

ELEANOR PARKE CUSTIS

MRS. LAWRENCE LEWIS



NOT far from the north shore of the Potomac River, perhaps one hour's sail from Washington, stands an old brick mansion, strongly built and well preserved. Towards the

entrance drive the hill slopes precipitously, while the plateau on the opposite side is claimed by a quaint flower garden where boxwood hedges and old fashioned blossoms are shaded from the sun by venerable oaks and sycamores. This is Woodlawn, the home of Nellie Custis, erected under her direction and her bridal gift from George Washington.

Standing out from the vivid background of the early nineteenth century the name and memory of this American girl must always live, allied as it is with that of Washington, whose step-daughter and ward she was. This daughter of John Parke and Eleanor Calvert Custis was

ELEANOR PARKE CUSTIS

born on the twenty-eighth day of March, 1779, at Abingdon-on-the-Potomac. Martha Washington was her grandmother on the paternal side, while through her mother there flowed in her the blood of Leonard Calvert, Sixth Lord Baltimore.

Nellie Custis, as the child was always called, was but five when Mount Vernon became her home, and the place that was accorded her there is shown by an order sent by Washington to England for: "Miss Custis, six years old. A coat of fashionable silk; a fashionable cap or fillet, with a bib apron; ruffles and tucker to be laced; four fashionable dresses to be made of long lawn; two fine cambrick frocks; a satin capuchin hat and neckatees; a Parisian quilted coat; one pair pack-thread stays; four pairs callimanco and six pairs leather shoes; two pairs satin shoes with flat ties; six pairs fine cotton and four pairs white worsted stockings; twelve pairs mits and six pairs white kid gloves; one pair silver shoe buckles; one pair neat sleeve buttons."

In the kindly, home-like atmosphere, the child developed into a woman of rare beauty as well as of a brilliant mind. Nor is it remarkable that, claiming such a man as George Washington as the playmate of her babyhood and confidant

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of her girlhood, her womanhood should have proven worthy of an enviable page in the book of American social history.

Though George Washington was esteemed by many as austere and unapproachable, there was seldom a time that the winsome Nellie could not force from him a smile. It was necessary for her to stand on tiptoe in order to whisper into his ear, and holding affectionately to the button of his coat, she in this way poured out to him the little joys and tragedies of her young life. Sometimes it was to coax him into allowing her to go to a ball, or again it was to blushingly confide some little romance, but most often it was to beg for a new gown or gay ribbon, and of these requests there was never a refusal.

Washington Irving (at least the anecdote is accredited to him) illustrates very aptly the relationship that existed between Nellie Custis and her grandparents. "She was romantic," the paragraph reads, "and fond of wandering in the moonlight alone in the woods. Mrs. Washington thought this unsafe, and forced from her a promise that she would not visit the woods again unaccompanied, but she was brought one evening into the drawing-room where her grandmother, seated in her arm-chair, began, in the

presence of the General, a severe reproof. Poor Nellie was reminded of her promise and taxed with her delinquency. She admitted her fault and essayed no excuse, moving to retire from the room. She was just closing the door when she overheard Washington attempting in a low voice to intercede in her behalf. 'My dear,' he observed, 'I would say no more—perhaps she was not alone.' His intercession stopped Miss Nellie in her retreat. She re-opened the door and advanced up to the General with a firm step. 'Sir,' said she, 'you brought me up to speak the truth, and when I told Grandmama I was alone, I hope you will believe I was alone.' Washington made one of his most magnanimous bows, 'My child,' he replied, 'I beg your pardon.' "

That her guardian was not only interested in Nellie's first ball, but that he was rather fearful of what it might lead up to, the letter he wrote her upon that great occasion would lead us to believe, for he warns her: "When the fire is beginning to kindle and your heart growing warm, propound these questions to it: Who is this invader? Have I a competent knowledge of him? Is he a man of good character—a man of sense? For, be assured, a sensible woman can never be happy with a fool. What has been his walk in

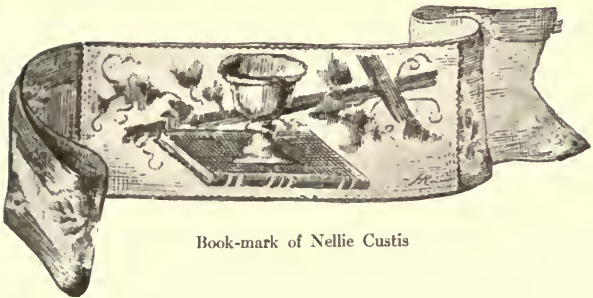
OLD TIME BELLES AND CAVALIERS

life? Is he a gambler, a spendthrift, a drunkard? Is his fortune sufficient to maintain me in the manner I have been accustomed to live?"

A strict disciplinarian in certain things, Mrs. Washington always required the members of her household to follow the good example of the General and dress for their three o'clock dinner. Upon one occasion, Nellie Custis and her cousin, Martha Dandridge, who had been amusing themselves up to the hour for dining, appeared at the table in their morning gowns, and though Mrs. Washington might have looked her displeasure, she made no comment until a coach containing some French officers of high rank and young Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, was seen approaching. In a flutter of excitement, the two girls begged to be excused in order that they might dress, but Mrs. Washington shook her head, saying, "No, remain as you are, what is good enough for General Washington is good enough for any guest of his." So the young women were forced to pocket their pride and receive the distinguished callers just as they were. One historian is cruel enough to say that their hair, instead of being dressed as it should have been, was adorned with curl papers, a death-blow to romance. In any event, the fair Nellie must



NELLIE CUSTIS
At the age of 16
From the Pastel by Sharples



Book-mark of Nellie Custis

ELEANOR PARKE CUSTIS

have suffered keenly, since young Carroll was one of her most devoted swains, and it was in regard to this very visit that George Washington Parke Custis, the brother of Nellie, wrote from Annapolis: "I find that young Mr. C—— has been at Mount Vernon, and, report says, to address my sister. It may be well to subjoin an opinion which, I believe, is general in this place, viz., that he is a young man of the strictest probity and morals, discreet without closeness, temperate without excess, and modest without vanity; possessed of those amiable qualities and friendship which are so commendable, and with few of the vices of the age. In short, I think it a most desirable match, and wish that it may take place with all my heart." Washington, who favored the suit of his nephew, put an end to Nellie's brother's hopes by a curt response: "Young Mr. C—— came here about a fortnight ago to dinner," he wrote, "and left us next morning after breakfast. If his object was such as you say has been reported, it was not declared here; and therefore the less is said upon the subject, particularly by your sister's friends, the more prudent it will be until the subject develops itself more."

The very prominent position of the Washing-

OLD TIME BELLES AND CAVALIERS

tons naturally afforded Nellie Custis untold social advantages, and at an early age she became accustomed to the flattery and devotion of the most notable men of the time. But George Washington, in his worldly knowledge, never allowed her to overestimate such attentions, and in a letter written her the day Eliza Custis became Mrs. Thomas Law, counsels her wisely. "A woman (the same may be said of the other sex) all beautiful and accomplished, will, while her hands and heart are undisposed of, turn the heads and set the circle in which she moves on fire. Let her marry, and what is the consequence. The madness *ceases* and all is quiet again. Why? Not because there is any diminution in the charms of the lady, but because there is an end of hope. Hence it follows, that love may and therefore ought to be under the guidance of reason, for although we can not avoid first impressions, we may assuredly place them under guard; and my motives for treating on this subject are to show you, while you remain Eleanor Parke Custis, spinster, and retain the resolution to love with moderation, the propriety of adhering to the latter resolution, at least until you have secured your game, and the way by which it may be accomplished.

ELEANOR PARKE CUSTIS

“The declaration, without the *most indirect* invitation of yours, must proceed from the man, to render it permanent and valuable, and nothing short of good sense and an easy unaffected conduct can draw the line between prudery and coquetry. It would be no great departure from truth to say, that it rarely happened otherwise than that a thorough-paced coquette dies in celibacy, as a punishment for her attempts to mislead others by encouraging looks, words, or actions, given for no other purpose than to draw men on to make overtures that they may be rejected.”

One of the most interesting and attractive figures of the White House during the first President's régime, it is rather remarkable that Nellie Custis contentedly returned to a quiet life in the country after the completion of Washington's second term, and writing from Mount Vernon to a friend in town she says: “We arrived here on Wednesday without any accident after a tedious journey of seven days. Grandpapa is very well and much pleased with being once more Farmer Washington.”

Always regarded as one of the loveliest young women of her time, Eleanor Parke Custis was in every way the pride of her grandparents. She

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spoke of her days at Mount Vernon as the very happiest period of her life, for then there had fallen no shadows to dim its brightness. The peaceful, domestic home atmosphere she knew there was never marred by official duties, however arduous, while the perfect harmony which existed between General and Mrs. Washington set a rare standard of marital devotion before the young girl. Though many eligible men sought the hand of Nellie Custis, and though she might have smiled encouragingly upon some of them, she was true to the wishes of her grandfather, who approved of only one, that one being his nephew, Lawrence Lewis, the son of Betty Washington, who took up his residence at Mount Vernon in 1798. And so it came to pass that when the ward of the first President reached her twentieth year, she admitted to the world her love for Lawrence Lewis, and in this betrothal George Washington found the final gratification of his worldly desires.

On the twenty-third of January, 1799, Washington wrote his nephew:

“DEAR LAWRENCE: Your letter of the 10th instant I received in Alexandria on Monday,

ELEANOR PARKE CUSTIS

whither I went to become the guardian of Nellie, thereby to authorize a license for your nuptials on the 22nd of next month, when, I presume, if your health is restored, there will be no impediment to your union."

And the following note authorizing the license referred to is copied from the original and was addressed to Captain George Deneale, Clerk of the Court of Fairfax County: "SIR: You will please to grant a license for the marriage of Eleanor Parke Custis with Lawrence Lewis, and this shall be your authority for so doing.

"From sir,

"Your very humble servant,

"G. WASHINGTON."

How stiff and stilted the old letters sound, yet in them we see the keen interest felt in the marriage of the General's wards.

They tell us that Mount Vernon was in gala attire for this most interesting wedding, and long before the hour of the ceremony distinguished guests began to arrive. It was in the great drawing-room, in the most perfect Colonial setting, that Nellie Custis plighted her troth to the soldier President's nephew. Flowers bloomed in

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every corner; the notes of gentle music were heard throughout the house, which was lit by the soft radiance of wax tapers that shed their star-like brilliancy over an aristocratic throng.

The young married people continued to live at Mount Vernon until the death of Washington, but it was not until 1802 that they took up their residence in their own mansion at Woodlawn, the President's bridal gift, where they dispensed a lavish hospitality which was eagerly sought and accepted by leading Americans and Europeans of the early nineteenth century. Gifted with such intuitive tact that she could bring together great minds that warred or harmonized, Nellie Custis Lewis was also the embodiment of true womanly domesticity, being ever the gracious hostess, sincere friend and trusted helpmate. Such men as Lafayette and Zachary Taylor frequently begged leave to visit Woodlawn, where they always found rest for their tired brains in the sunny atmosphere of the womanly intelligence of the young matron they had known as a child at Mount Vernon. Though her life had been cast in public channels, and she had been the petted darling of the first Republican Court, Mrs. Lewis met her real happiness in her own home where she proved the fondest of



ELEANOR PARKE CUSTIS
MRS. LAWRENCE LEWIS

From the Engraving after Gilbert Stuart's Portrait

ELEANOR PARKE CUSTIS

wives and most devoted of mothers. Mrs. Robert E. Lee, her niece, who knew her as intimately as she was known to any, compared her in her relationship to Americans to what Madame de Sevigné was to the French, saying that owing to her brilliant wit, lucid mind, her extensive information and clear memory, her ready pen, had it been given rein, might have left memoirs worthy of a place in the highest literature of the country.

In the library of Washington-Lee University, in the beautiful old town of Lexington, Virginia, there hang two portraits of this old time belle. One, a pastel done by Sharpless, shows her as Nellie Custis, the girl of sixteen with flowing hair and high-bred profile. The other portrays Mrs. Lawrence Lewis at the height of her beauty. Both likenesses are winsome and appealing and in each case the subject is very simply gowned.

After an early life of mingled sunshine and roses which gradually faded into days shaded by griefs and cares, Nellie Custis Lewis, as a benign old lady closed her eyes forever on the fifteenth day of July, in 1852. She sleeps into eternity in the peaceful Mount Vernon graveyard, where all who visit that sacred spot can see the monument which rises in her honor:

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“ Sacred
to the memory of Eleanor Parke Custis,
granddaughter of Mrs. Washington, and adopted
daughter of General Washington.
Reared under the roof of the Father of his Country,
this lady was not more remarkable for the beauty
of her person than for the superiority of her
mind, and died to be regretted, July 15,
1852, in the seventy-fourth year
of her age.”

THEODOSIA BURR

MRS. JOSEPH ALSTON



HEODOSIA BURR!

No eulogy of mere words is needed to awaken the associations which, for all time, must cling to that romantic name, and our hearts bow in reverent

homage before the sad thoughts born of its contemplation.

In Albany, New York, on June 23rd, 1783, Theodosia was born to Aaron Burr and his wife, Theodosia Prevost, the widow of an English army officer. Of her father, various opinions are held in history, but of her mother, the world knows but little beyond what Burr himself said of her, "The mother of my Theo was the best woman and the finest lady I have ever known," and her superior mind and evident beauty were ably reproduced in this only child.

A passionate lover of books and learning, Aaron Burr undertook to mould the plastic mind

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of this much loved daughter who has been called by someone, "the soul of her father's soul." When Burr assumed his seat in the Senate in Philadelphia, he left with his wife a carefully thought out line of study he wished Theodosia to pursue; she was about ten years old then and was studying Greek, Latin and French. At the age of eleven, she lost her mother, and after this sad blow, she and her father were almost inseparable. Brilliant as he was in mind, Aaron Burr admitted this little girl as his mental companion, and never in all the vicissitudes that followed him through life did he have cause to regret for one instant the marvellous affection he had lavished upon his daughter.

Like Thomas Jefferson, he was no easy task-master for his pupil; not only were the studies he planned for her far beyond her years, but he exacted, among other things, the keeping of a journal during his absence in order that he might see how she progressed. In response to one of these journals sent him when Theodosia was just eleven, Burr wrote: "Yesterday I received your letter and journal to the 13th inclusive. On the 13th you say you got nine pages of Lucian. It was, to be sure, a most surprising lesson!" Fancy a child of such tender years mastering

THEODOSIA BURR

nine wearisome pages of Lucian! Yet Theodosia Burr was fully capable of it, and the praise that came to her from her idolized parent made her feel that it was far more than worth while.

That Burr's ambitions for his daughter were much deeper than mere worldliness, he shows in a letter written to his wife when the child was very young. "If I could foresee that Theodosia would become a mere fashionable woman with all the attendant frivolity and vacuity of mind, adorned with whatever grace and allurements, I would earnestly pray God to take her forthwith hence."

At the age of fourteen, Theodosia took complete charge of her father's household, receiving and entertaining his guests in a manner that would have done credit to a seasoned woman of the world. Aaron Burr was at that time a popular and prominent man, and Richmond Hill, his beautiful country seat in New York, was the mecca for such foreign travellers as Jerome Bonaparte, Louis Philippe, Talleyrand and numerous other men of note. Even at this early age Theodosia was a belle, and by the time she had reached sixteen was counted among the brightest social stars.

But her wise father had not educated her for a

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purely frivolous existence, and his wholesome advice had prepared her for receiving adulation as a matter of course. In one of his letters he tells her: "You are maturing for solid friendship. The friends you gain you will never lose; and no one, I think, will dare to insult your understanding by such compliments as are most graciously received by too many of your sex." Under such guidance, Theodosia was brought up to admit only a natural, unconscious manner without any absurd affectations, and that she well repaid all this care and thought, the world knows well. As a mite of a child, she wept bitterly at any parting from her father, and during his absence, could not bear the mention of his name. The affection she held for Burr was of no ordinary kind, and among her letters to him one is preserved which shows how exalted it was.

"You appear to me," she wrote, "so superior, so elevated above other men, I contemplate you with such a strange mixture of humility, admiration, reverence, love, and pride, that very little superstition would be necessary to make me worship you as a superior being; such enthusiasm does your character excite in me. . . . My vanity would be greater if I had not been placed so near you; and yet my pride is our relationship.



THEODOSIA BURR
MRS. JOSEPH ALSTON

THEODOSIA BURR

I had rather not live than not be the daughter of such a man."

At eighteen, this girl who seems to have been born for tragedy is described as rather short in stature with a graceful carriage and noble poise; her complexion was exquisite, her face and figure just rounded enough to be pleasing, but it was her charming dignity and ease of manner that placed her apart from the majority of young women of her age. It was at this time that Theodosia Burr knew, perhaps, her greatest happiness; her father's prominence was increasing every day, as was his perfect confidence in her; the most delightful persons in America were counted among her best friends, and finally, when she met Joseph Alston, of South Carolina, her cup of happiness seemed filled to overflowing.

Knowing her own mind so well, and realizing after a very short acquaintance that Alston was the one man for her, the young girl saw no cause for delaying the marriage, which was celebrated in Albany just a short while before she was eighteen, on the second of February, in the year 1801. Her husband was then but twenty-two; possessing great talents, full of ambition, wealthy, handsome, the youthful South Carolinian appeared a fitting mate for Theodosia, and

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her father, with an inward sigh, perhaps, but with outward sanction, gave her away.

For three wonderful years Mrs. Alston knew ideal happiness; her father had become Vice-President; her husband adored her, and a little boy had come to make her feel the highest call of woman. Then trouble came; the death of Alexander Hamilton, the Mexican dream of Burr; the death of her child whom she adored. Through her father's disgrace her loyalty and devotion were unfaltering. He wrote her to come to him at once, and she responded as only Theodosia Burr could have. Day after day, she sat through his trial in Richmond, her faith in him never changing; she was the most conspicuous figure of all the crowd gathered in the Virginia town at that trying time. Her beauty, her steadfast trust, her untiring care for her father, and the pity of her situation brought her the adoration of countless thousands. When Burr went abroad, she wrote him constantly, and in one letter there is the plaintive note of a bitter awakening. "The world," she told him, "begins to cool terribly around me. You would be surprised how many I supposed attached to me have abandoned the sorry losing game of disinterested friendship."

THEODOSIA BURR

From that time on, the life of Theodosia Burr was full of shadows. Though Governor Alston was all a husband could be, after the death of her boy she yearned to see her father, who had returned to New York, and when arrangements were made for her to pay the longed-for visit, the most tragic chapter in her extraordinary life was begun. America being at war with England, Governor Alston could not leave South Carolina to go with his wife, though her health was such that it seemed necessary for her to be accompanied by someone; accordingly, it was agreed that she should sail on the "Patriot" under the care of an old friend of her father's, Timothy Green, who made the journey from New York in order to take her back. The little ship embarked December 30th, 1812, and with its sailing, young Mrs. Alston was swept into the great unknown.

The story is almost too well known for repetition here; the boat was lost, why or how even the wise must always wonder. There are many traditions as to its tragic fate; some claim it was a storm, while others give a more lurid reason. The sea, the entire coast, was frantically searched by husband and father, but the secret was never given up, and as the days lengthened into years,

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these two men in whose lives one girl had played so marvellous a part, grew tired of living, since life had come to mean to them one great regret. The trial proved too heavy for Joseph Alston. "My boy," was the cry from his heart to Burr, "my wife, gone both! This, then, is the end of all the hopes we had formed. You may well observe that you feel severed from the human race. She was the last tie that bound us to the species. What have we left? Yet, after all, he is a poor actor who can not sustain his hour upon the stage, be his part what it may. But the man who has been deemed worthy of the heart of Theodosia Burr, and who has felt what it was to be blessed with such a woman's love, will never forget his elevation." Four years after his wife was lost, Joseph Alston, one of the brightest stars of the political and social South, bid the world farewell to start upon the eternal journey which he prayed might take him to her.

But the chapter is not closed, though what must follow only adds to the tangled mystery. Upon a cold, blustering day in the winter of 1812, a little ship with rudder lashed and all sail set was blown ashore at Kitty Hawk, a point upon the North Carolina coast not very far from Hatteras. No human being was to be found



THEODOSIA BURR
MRS. JOSEPH ALSTON
The Nag's Head Portrait

THEODOSIA BURR

aboard, nor was there the slightest evidence of violence or bloodshed. There was every sign, though, that the cabin of the boat had been occupied by gentle folk. Upon the table, a dainty meal lay undisturbed; a number of beautiful silk gowns and other bits of womanly finery were scattered about, while the portrait of a fair young woman hung conspicuously upon the wall. To the wreckers of the sand-dunes fell everything aboard, the portrait going into the possession of an untutored woman who lived upon the banks, and for fifty-seven years it hung upon the walls of a rough little cabin. In 1869, the old woman was taken ill, and Dr. Wm. G. Pool, a prominent North Carolina physician, then staying at Nags Head, went to her assistance; through the visit, the only substantial link between the cause and fate of Theodosia Burr seems to have been forged.

Knowing the poverty of his patient, Dr. Pool would accept no money, but she was so grateful for his kindness that she insisted upon his taking the picture that had for so long made bright her humble home, at the same time giving him as much of its history as she knew. Her husband was one of the wreckers of the ship that had foundered there in 1812, and had come home with

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the portrait and story that whoever had been on board must have been made to "walk the plank" by a pirate crew.

For a time Dr. Pool knew nothing beyond the fact that the portrait represented some woman of patrician birth. Then, one day, his glance was arrested by a picture of Aaron Burr, and he was struck forcibly by the likeness of the man in one and the woman in the other; careful comparison confirmed the belief that the subject of the mysterious portrait was in life Theodosia Burr. Dates, historic facts, all went to prove him right. Photographs of the portrait were sent to Mrs. Stella Drake Knappin, Charles Burr Todd, the writer, and many other descendants of the Burr family, all of whom pronounced it the likeness of Theodosia. Later, when several of the Burr connection visited Dr. Pool for the purpose of verifying the painting, with one accord they pronounced it that of their lamented relative.

The skeptical may ask—if pirates, why did they abandon their prize? This may be answered by the assumption that a United States ship might have come in sight and frightened them off after their dreadful work. Nor is this mere conjecture, for some years ago in Norfolk, Vir-

THEODOSIA BURR

ginia, two criminals were put to death, and in their final confession stated that they had belonged to the pirate crew who boarded a ship called "The Patriot," to make all the passengers walk the plank.

Again, way out in Michigan, an old man dying in the almshouse made the same astonishing confession, saying he never had nor ever could forget the beautiful face of the only lady aboard as it sank into the deep. He told how she plead for life and promised their pardon. But they were all young then, he said, and heartless, yet each man acknowledged a sort of rough admiration for the calm manner in which their beautiful captive accepted her fate.

The portrait exists to-day to prove that at least a portion of this story is absolutely true. It hangs in the home of Mrs. John P. Overman (formerly Miss Anna Pool), in Elizabeth City, where all who journey there may see it, and when they see it, pause to admire the high-bred face of superior intellect, with deep, dark, penetrating eyes.

St. Memin left a profile portrait of Theodosia Burr as a young girl; Sully, one of later age. One studies them to get an insight into the remarkable daughter of a famous man. We know

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they represent her, yet somehow, we linger so much longer before the old portrait in North Carolina. What a story it might tell! What a mystery it might lift could the veil of silence be withdrawn! But as years have passed, still must they go, leaving forever to the name of Theodosia Burr a hallowed romance born of the unknown.

BETSY PATTERSON

MADAME JEROME BONAPARTE



HEN young Jerome Bonaparte, then touring America in accordance with his own sweet will, reached Baltimore on parade, his name was immediately enrolled among

the many admirers of Mistress Betsy Patterson, daughter of William Patterson, merchant. Her brilliant beauty of face and form naturally attracted this youthful Court habitué, while, upon her personal acquaintance, her daring wit and vivacity of manner fanned the flame of admiration into the fire of love which was deep if not lasting.

Elizabeth Patterson was about eighteen when she met the man who brought upon her the eyes of the world, and whether the superficial glory attached to the marriage ever atoned for the inner mortification, only the heart of Madam Bonaparte could have told.

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It was in 1803 that the young Frenchman visited America, and having heard of "Glorious Betsy" long before he saw her, boasted to his suite that he would marry here, and as his first sight of her proved her to be far lovelier than he had conceived, it is easy to fancy the enthusiasm with which the youthful adorer plead his suit. Tradition tells us that it was at the Baltimore races where Jerome Bonaparte first saw the girl he afterwards made his wife, to treat her so inhumanly, and we are told that she wore a gown of pale yellow silk relieved at the neck with a handsome lace fichu, while her dark curls were half hidden under a picturesque leghorn hat heavily weighted with black plumes. It was not, however, until later, at a ball given by Hon. Samuel Chase, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, that he met her.

The charming girl was at her best when the brother of Napoleon was presented to her. Having heard of his boast, she added a touch of piquant coquetry to her manner, sharpening her wits accordingly, and whether it was to her undoing or not, she alone could tell.

But old William Patterson did not look with favor upon the affair that was the wonder of social Baltimore. Shrewd in his wisdom, he fore-

BETSY PATTERSON

saw only trouble in the union of the two young people whose lives should have been so far removed from each other in land as well as sphere. Hoping that she might forget, or at least become reconciled to his will, he took his daughter down to his Virginia plantation where gayety was at a premium, and where ennui at once took possession of the vivacious Betsy, who rebelled no more against the separation from her distinguished suitor than against the dull life that was forced upon her. But the involuntary seclusion availed not, for, upon her return to Baltimore, her betrothal to Jerome Bonaparte was announced, this being scarcely two months after their first meeting.

The suite of the young Frenchman, the parents of the beautiful girl, all of whom realized the gravity of the obstacles that lay in their path to happiness, remonstrated to no avail, and, on the twenty-fourth of December, 1803, these two, whose story has served as a warning to the generations that have followed them, were married by Archbishop Carroll. The ceremony took place in the Patterson house, and was witnessed by Alexander Camus, secretary to Jerome Bonaparte, and M. Sotin, the French Consul.

That the bride possessed beyond her beauty a

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decided individuality is appreciated when we hear that the gown she chose to be married in was a simple India muslin, exquisitely embroidered, and one which she had worn many times before. In her own words, she described it as, "little as possible of any gown at all"; pictures of dresses of that period give evidence as to that, for then, if ever, beauty unadorned was considered adorned the most.

However things may have changed afterwards, young Jerome was an ideal lover during the honeymoon spent at the Patterson country seat not far from Baltimore, and if visions of brilliant courts, exalted station, and the acquaintance of great personages floated constantly before the eyes of the American bride, they only served to accentuate her apparent happiness, and as day followed day, the boy she had married fell more and more under her influence. But Napoleon Bonaparte, the imperial brother of the bridegroom, refused to acknowledge the marriage, and though William Patterson sent his son to Paris to intercede, and the intercession of the French Minister at Washington was secured in their behalf, the obdurate conqueror of peasant birth chose to consider France insulted because his rattle-brained brother had taken as wife the



ELIZABETH PATTERSON
MADAME JEROME BONAPARTE
The Triple Head Portrait by Gilbert Stuart

BETSY PATTERSON

beautiful daughter of an American gentleman!

In the meantime, the ambition of young Madame Bonaparte was to get to France, where, being confident of her superior attractions, she was convinced she would meet Napoleon, plead her own cause and win forgiveness. Though she was disappointed in sailing more than once, and though Jerome was commanded to return to his native country without her, the two finally set sail for Lisbon on the "Erin," one of Mr. Patterson's vessels, March 11th, 1805. Once she set foot upon foreign shores, Betsy Patterson began to reap the results of her foolish step. In Lisbon, Jerome was met by an emissary of Napoleon who greeted the traveller as the brother of the emperor, but pointedly addressed Madame Bonaparte as Miss Patterson; in fact, the latter was forbidden to land, while her husband was commanded to proceed at once to Paris. And so, the parting, which was destined to be final, took place, and with an apparently heavy heart, Jerome set out for Paris, leaving his young wife to sail for Amsterdam on the "Erin."

"Your marriage is null and void, both from a religious and a legal point of view," wrote Napoleon to Jerome, when the latter requested

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an audience after his return to France. "I will never acknowledge it. Write Miss Patterson to return to the United States, and tell her it is not possible to give things another turn. On condition of her return to America, I will allow her a pension of sixty thousand francs a year, provided she does not take the name of my family, to which she has no right, her marriage having no existence."

The rest of the story is too well known to be repeated. Napoleon never received Elizabeth Patterson; Jerome was made King of Westphalia; their son, though his mother had given him the name of Jerome Bonaparte, never came into his rights although, when his father was married in 1807 to Princess Frederika Catherine of Wurtemberg, Betsy Patterson was offered the title of Princess of Smalcalden, with a pension of 200,000 francs a year. It is gratifying to every loyal American to know that, though upon many occasions Madame Bonaparte courted a high position in foreign lands, she refused this gift of her faithless husband, preferring to remain just Madame Bonaparte rather than sell her legal right for the title of a petty princess.

To the Emperor, Madame Bonaparte was



PRINCE JEROME BONAPARTE
From the Portrait by Gilbert Stuart

BETSY PATTERSON

“ Miss Patterson ” to the end of the chapter, and though he was steadfast in his refusal to meet her, he admitted a keen admiration of her caustic wit of which he had heard so much. She gladly accepted an annuity from him, but was obstinate in her refusal to give up her name and return to America, and what a triumph it must have been for her to count among her intimate friends and admirers such personages as the Prince of Wurtemberg, Talleyrand, and Madame de Staël, personages whom Napoleon Bonaparte was always glad to admit into his presence.

It did not appeal to the American girl to pine romantically and let her heart be broken; she mended as best she could the rudely snapped threads through her pleasure-loving disposition. If her life was long, it must have been still lonelier, and if through it all her wit never ceased to sparkle, there must have been times when it scarcely seemed worth while. She was rightly stubborn in her refusal to gratify Napoleon and style herself Mrs. Patterson, though he offered a goodly price to win his way.

The letters from Madame Bonaparte to her father, written at the height of her European career, prove most interesting reading, though through them all one is impressed with her intense

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selfishness. In these epistles she reveals very distinctly her personal ambition, her inordinate love of money and her pride in her son, the only person for whom she ever showed the slightest affection. Stored away in the attic of the Patterson house in Baltimore, this package of letters was found about 1879, tied up with red tape, and marked upon the outer cover, "Betsey's Letters." In one of them, dated Rome, 1822, she speaks proudly of the way her son had been received by his Bonaparte relatives, concluding: "They expect the K. W. and his wife here on a visit to his mother. I fancy he is coming to get money out of her. The family are all like other families. I shall not see the K. W., nor would he like it himself, after the unhandsome way in which he has always conducted himself. I shall hold my tongue, which is all I can possibly do for him." In doing this, Mistress Betsy was granting a great deal, since that particular member of hers was feared for its sting far and near.

Of course, the K. W. was Jerome Bonaparte, King of Westphalia, and the manner in which his American wife speaks of him shows that she had overcome both her affection for him and the pique she had felt at his treatment of her.

Elizabeth Patterson was intent upon marrying

BETSY PATTERSON

Jerome, her only child, whom she fondly called "Bo," to the daughter of Joseph Bonaparte, and her tactful wit would doubtless have accomplished this desire but for the young man deciding for himself upon the matter of his heart. Madame Bonaparte as bitterly opposed his marrying any American woman as she insisted upon the foreign alliance, and that her limitless ambition suffered its keenest blow when she heard of the boy's engagement to Miss Williams, a Baltimore belle, a letter written from Florence would seem to prove. "You and the son of Prince Jerome Bonaparte had been told so often by me that I considered a marriage between him and any American woman so much beneath him that I would never, for any consideration, consent to it. I can only repeat that if it takes place I shall declare publicly that I was not consulted, that my consent was not asked, and that my opinion was and always will be that he ought to live singly unless he marries suitably to his connexions in Europe." Her feelings are portrayed a bit more violently in a note six weeks later: "Dear Sir: When my son left Europe I told him never to marry in America, and I have repeated the same thing to him in every letter since. I certainly never would have married any

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one there after having married the brother of an Emperor."

What an insufferable snob Glorious Betsy proved herself upon this subject! And the least prejudiced must admit that her conduct and narrow-mindedness was such that what might have been pride in her is changed into contempt for her. Replying to these lengthy and bitter letters, William Patterson wrote his daughter that she should not blame her boy for marrying without her consent since she not only ignored the wishes of her family in her own marriage, but relinquished her country as well. And then we read the most unpardonable letter of all: "I really wonder that a person of as much sense as yourself can ever affect to blame me for leaving a family who neither admired nor liked me, and, above all, I wonder at your ever having written it to me, because it forces me to tell you that I consider myself as having been always most unjustly and cruelly treated by some persons in my family. The less said about my leaving my country, the better—after my marriage, it was absurd to expect that I could descend from a prince to a trader, and you ought to have sent me to Europe if I had not come. America was no longer a residence for me."

BETSY PATTERSON

Glancing over these lines, which awaken a fire of indignation, one wonders not at the caustic paragraph William Patterson devoted to his undutiful daughter in his will, that long and curious document. "The conduct of my daughter Betsey has through life been so disobedient, that in no instance has she ever consulted my opinion or feelings; indeed, she has caused me more anxiety and trouble than all my other children put together, and her folly and misconduct has occasioned me a train of expense that first and last has cost me much money. Under such circumstances it would not be reasonable, just or proper that she should at my death inherit and participate in an equal portion with my other children, in an equal division of my estate. Considering, however, the weakness of human nature, and that she is still my daughter, it is my will and pleasure to provide for her."

This American girl, married and deserted before she was twenty, "possessed the *savoir vivre* of Chesterfield, the cold cynicism of Rochefoucauld, and the practical economy of Franklin." In 1805, she returned to America, where she remained until the victory at Waterloo, and when Napoleon was existing wearily at St. Helena and the Bonaparte family exiled from France,

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Betsy Patterson went once more to Paris, where she queened it in the most brilliant salons, was courted by princes, and honored with the attention of Wellington and Talleyrand.

The brilliant European career of Betsy Patterson lasted about fifteen years, and notwithstanding her violent opposition to living in America, the worldly woman was forced to return to Baltimore in 1834. She likened her existence in "the little trading town" to a grain of wheat hidden in a bushel of chaff, and bitter indeed it must have been for her to exchange the gilded salons of Paris for a poor room in a Baltimore boarding-house.

Of the beauty of Betsy Patterson, one may judge from more than one canvas, though perhaps that which best portrays her is from the brush of Gilbert Stuart, who has shown her lovely head in three poses, the triple head portrait, as it is called. This picture was painted to order for Jerome Bonaparte, who imperiously commanded that it be put through immediately. Stuart, being very busy at the time, refused to make any definite promise, whereupon the young autocrat spoke so rudely to the artist that the latter declined not only to finish it, but to allow it to be taken away at any price. Some years

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later, when William Patterson was sitting to Stuart, the portrait of Madame Bonaparte happened to be mentioned and the painter had it brought down from the garret where it had been stored, and presented it to the father of the subject.

The altercation with the hot-headed Frenchman must have sorely rankled in Gilbert Stuart's heart, for, notwithstanding his great need of money at that time, he refused to accept a penny for the portrait, telling Mr. Patterson that he did not value his work anything like his position as an artist. This celebrated portrait, so beautiful and the cause of such a controversy, is now owned by Madame Bonaparte, of Washington, granddaughter-in-law of the old time belle.

Nearly a quarter of a century longer than the time allotted to average mankind Betsy Patterson lived. The heroine of the most stirring international romance in our history, the belle of her own city and toast of foreign Courts, the companion of princes and princesses, she lived through varied experiences and emotions to die the pitiful death of a lonely, erratic old woman. At a quiet, secluded spot in Greenmount Cemetery, in the Maryland town, the visitor will always pause to read upon a certain granite monu-

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ment the brief summary of a lengthy existence: "After life's fitful fever she sleeps well." Born February 6th, 1785, Glorious Betsy said good-bye forever to the world she loved so well in April, 1879. Her ambition had disturbed the imperial peace of the great Napoleon; her divorce had caused a rupture between the Emperor and the Pope, while her stinging wit and exceptional beauty had given her all the rights of a social queen. Altogether, her cup was one of such bitter-sweetness that her history has been eagerly seized upon by playwright and author. Many years have passed since her death, many lives have bloomed and faded, yet no woman has come to give to America and Europe such romantic material for retrospection and conjecture as that left us by Elizabeth Patterson, the famous Madame Bonaparte.

ANNE CARMICHAEL

MRS. WILLIAM KEYMEYS



CREENED from the street by great trees and old time roses, in Fredericksburg, Virginia, stands a quaint old mansion made famous by an interesting daughter, whose life

left as great an impress upon the social annals of the old South as did the diamond that cut so deeply into the glass of an upper window, "Anne Carmichael."

One ardently wishes that more than the mere name had been chiselled into the heavy pane; a date, a line of poetry, any little thing that might have left a personal note for those who came after the fair writer, but there is only written "Anne Carmichael," and fancy must help us color the picture we wish to paint. For nearly a century the old window glass has stood the wear of storm and fire and war, and more than three generations have wondered why the indelible words

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were traced. Downstairs in the same venerable mansion, over the mantel in the high ceiled drawing-room, hangs the portrait of lovely Anne Carmichael whose name stars so brilliantly the chamber above.

Both graceful and coquettish in pose, perhaps even a bit defiant, this faithful likeness of the beautiful girl has long been of interest to lovers of art. For some time the Corcoran Art Gallery did their utmost to secure it, offering a goodly sum, but to the collateral descendants of the capricious Anne the value of her portrait proved higher upon the walls of her one-time home than in the great art gallery. It suited the lovely subject to present this picture of herself to her uncle, Dr. George French Carmichael, to whom she was sincerely devoted, and it was through him that it came into the possession of his grandson, Dr. Randolph Bryan Carmichael, the present owner and second cousin of Anne.

To the visitor to Fredericksburg so fortunate as to see the portrait of the old time belle, many beautiful memories are given and many are the steps retraced for one last look upon it. From its rich setting of auburn curls, divided above the right brow to hang loosely over each shoulder, the exquisitely lovely face of purest oval has



ANNE CARMICHAEL
MRS. WILLIAM KEYMEYS

ANNE CARMICHAEL

looked down from its tarnished frame for nearly a hundred years. The eyes are blue and very, very innocent; one can scarcely reconcile them with the laughter loving, saucy, daring Anne who turned the heads of the Virginia gentry in the early days of our Republic. A slender, delicate nose with high-cut nostrils, that undeniable mark of the true aristocrat, the most irresistible of mouths, and sloping shoulders from a snowy neck, gave to the beautiful girl more than her share of loveliness. Whether it was thanks to the artist or to herself, the gown in which Anne Carmichael chose to be painted set off in its very simplicity her remarkable beauty; white and soft, it seems to melt into the delicate skin unrelieved by the slightest touch of lace, but tied in at the waist with a broad blue ribbon—wondrous combination for the Titian hair. The head is a bit tilted and the left arm bent to show its perfect contour; the other rests upon a pedestal, and between the first and second fingers of the hand a tiny Noisette rose of creamy tone is matched against the flawless neck. Back of the figure hangs a drapery of wine-colored velvet, but the name of the artist to whom we are indebted for this charming portrait we unfortunately do not know. If she could but step from

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the frame for one brief instant, the gay Anne Carmichael of olden days! So many tales are told of her, for she was as witty as she was lovely, as daring as she was fascinating. Her pleasure loving nature saw fun in everything, and at times she was considered a bit outrageous in her bold speeches and unconventional acts, which were whispered and repeated in the most shocked of tones at little tea parties. But Anne Carmichael lived in the time of prunes and prisms; when a maid must walk as all the maidens of her line had walked before; when she must be shy, demure, retiring, small wonder then that the brilliant young girl threw down the barriers of conventionality, snapped her fingers in the face of the good people of Fredericksburg and followed her own sweet will. And a vigorous will it proved to be, too! But she did little more than the young women of to-day claim as their rightful privileges, and had she not been so brave in asserting her own words and wishes, no doubt her name would have gone into oblivion when she was laid to rest in the old Masonic Cemetery of her native town. As it is, Anne Carmichael is known to half the country; her caustic sayings have been quoted for many, many years; her doings chronicled in history and verse. In her acts

ANNE CARMICHAEL

she was the sister of the woman of to-day, but for environment she had a far more picturesque stage even if it was a trifle narrow.

Many are the anecdotes told of the Virginia belle that must be hinted rather than written, for she was naughty enough sometimes, this beautiful Anne, to allow her clever tongue to voice words as shocking as they were laughter provoking. Unchaperoned, she would go for wonderful drives with parsons and laymen, young and old. She seems to have made sport of everything and everybody; she laughed at the little tragedies of life; scorned one moment her innumerable admirers, at the next drew them into her toils. Uncertain, coy, lovely beyond imagination, it was said that Anne Carmichael could have married almost any man who ever knew her; perhaps that is why she frivelled and flirted beyond the age at that time allotted to girlhood. The joys of conquering the many were far too sweet to be given up to the conquest of the one, and the beauty waited until she had counted several years beyond twenty, a shocking age for an early nineteenth century maiden, before she capitulated.

It was not altogether vanity that kept Anne Carmichael playing her lovers according to her

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caprice and fancy, for there came into her life one man to whom her heart was truly given, one man who brought into her face the troubled, discontented look that lurks back of her eyes in the old portrait. As long as her name will be remembered it will be linked with that of Shakespeare Caldwell, the romance of her life. The manly beauty of Shakespeare Caldwell was, in its way, as perfect as that of the young girl he loved so well. He had many things to offer her, much to give that she craved with all her heart, but there were reasons why her family frowned upon the marriage, and the defiant Anne for once bowed to wills other than her own. But she never cared the least for any other man; she let Shakespeare Caldwell go, apparently with a smile, but when Mr. William Keymeys, a wealthy widower from New York, asked her to become his wife, her answer was given half sobbingly, "I'll marry you but Shake has my heart."

Mrs. Sally Nelson Robins, of Richmond, is the possessor of a letter from Edward Keymeys, the noted sculptor, and step-son of Anne Carmichael, in which he speaks of his first meeting with her: "I was about six years old when my father brought her home to New York," writes Mr.

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Keymeys, "but remember perfectly how she looked and how I loved her, and how, even as a child I realized what I might have been if she had only lived; and coming to Fredericksburg as a Union soldier, my first impulse was to ask about her people and her home."

The pitiful chapter in the life of Anne Carmichael comes with her death one short year after her marriage, when she was only twenty-six, and to us who look back through a long aisle of years, it seems so pathetically sad that her short life could not have granted her the great desire of her heart. Those who stood between her and its fulfilment must have bowed their heads in more than grief at the open grave in old Fredericksburg, a prey to the gnawing thought that through misguided love for her, they had robbed Anne Carmichael of true happiness.

If Anne Carmichael had a passion for admiration, she used it to the good of her fellow-beings; she wanted to be loved by everyone, and her kind words and deeds for little children, her earnest solicitude for older people, her consideration of all those beneath her, made her an object of adoration from old Black Mammy up.

Calmly she rests in the old cemetery, yet she lives brightly in the memory of the favored few

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who knew her when she ruled Virginia; to these, she is still a living presence, and their faces light and their lips frame smiles when they speak of the brilliant young beauty who died that long ago day of 1840.

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